

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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No. LXXXI.—VOL. III.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1856.

PRICE TWOPENCE.  
STAMPED, 3d.

## EFFICIENCY OF PARLIAMENT.

PRINCE ALBERT'S celebrated remark about "free institutions being on their trial" has hardly had fair play. What the Prince intended we take to be this—that they were on their trial before European opinion; and was not that perfectly true? To suppose that he meant that they might be extinguished in England by some unseen tribunal, waiting to judge their behaviour, would be to suppose the Prince a man of far less judgment and discretion than he is known to be. Just at the time he spoke, the English press were busy showing the country up, and the foreign press naturally exclaimed, "Well, you see what Liberty is. Liberty talks, but it is Despotism that does business." Do we not, when we discuss Parliamentary efficiency, really open the question whether there is an incompatibility between free parliaments and good government?

The question of this efficiency naturally divides itself (we trust the reader will not be alarmed) into three heads. 1. The relation between parliament and government. 2. The present state of parliament. 3. The possibility of improving parliament; including the question, What is the alternative if it be not improved?

As to the first point, it is important to remember that it is a modern thing this government by parliament. The original value of parliament, in a popular way, was as an organ against possible oppression: it was a council to the king, and, at the same time, a protection to the people. It did not govern the country at all in the modern sense, but only helped to modify the king's government. It seems, in early times, to have represented the country very fairly—freeholders sitting for freeholders, and burgesses for important boroughs. Only an ass would confound the pre-Reform Bill anomalies and abuses with the old affair. Manchester and Birmingham would have been called to council, after the fashion of the age, by the Plantagenets, had they been relatively to them what they were relatively to the Georges. This is plain from the way in which the old kings acted to important places of trade. Such great places were unfairly treated in modern times, because the spirit of the old government had been lost sight of, while its letter was held on to. The House of Commons was used as an organ—not, as of old, of the gentry and the towns, but of the big families. These big families, raised mostly by the Tudors, had grasped the government when the

Stuarts foolishly took to Popery, and found it easy to keep it, while the Guelphs (who never had much brains) were unable to speak English. So, by rotten boroughs and bribery, they managed to keep the House going as a *simulacrum* of a House of Commons; and by getting able men out of the gentry to help them—like the Walpoles, Pitts, Stanhopes, and so on—did pretty well. The Reform Bill let loose the middle classes in full swing; so now, though our big friends keep the administration by really doing what the middle classes want, the House is harder to manage. There are whole batches of men in it who never used to be there before: men will not be represented by a clever leader, but will speak themselves. The old organisation is disturbed; you do not know a Whig from a Tory; business is difficult to get done. In fact, the House really *represents* the country so well, that everybody is disgusted with it. This is the secret of the position. When it was a snigger assembly—more of a clique—it was not indeed so honest a House of Commons, but it was a better governing machine. A genuine House of Commons, in short, is a council to a king and an organ of freedom, but it is not a good government. Nor will altering the conditions of its election make it better in *this* respect, though perhaps in others. In fact, we must accept its deficiencies for the sake of its good. It secures our liberty—it ensures a sound discussion of every law—but it involves tardy action, and it does not necessarily furnish us good governing men.

As to the effect produced on the *personnel* of the House by the Reform Bill, nobody seems satisfied with it. Mr. Roebuck complains that the Liberals elected by towns sacrifice their independence to "society." Other observers open "Dod," and show us how small the present proportion of members who have been well educated. The "Press" complains of a peculiar breed of lawyer-adventurers, of whom the type is the high-minded Keogh. Yet it is easy to show how each of these phenomena naturally came out of English life. "Society" is not an imposture, but a real power—as really attractive as the theatre—and must exert an influence on politics, since politicians are men. Ten-pounders *will* elect men of property—who are, indeed, just their men; and a man who has spent his life in making money, is not likely to be a man of education. Lawyers, again, advertise their talents, and cultivate the speaking faculty more

than other men; as they go their circuits year by year, they acquire local influence, and they are sent up besides as agents for class or local interests. Every one of all these kinds of men is a genuine product of the existing state of England; and if you complain of his being there, one can only say, "What then?"

But it is very important and satisfactory to know, that if there is discontent with the efficiency of Parliament, nobody can lay it on places like Manchester not being represented. Property is very well represented, and that is what the class which now votes wanted. Get big enough meetings in favour of any measure, and do not fear but your measure will pass. If you have a strong case against a Government, an opposition will soon be forthcoming to help you. And there is the use of oppositions, and the reason why they will always exist. Just at present there is an opposition, but there is not a case. Palmerston will do nothing striking, and destroy nothing striking he will just rub along by talking common sense in parliamentary language—the gayest, knowingest commonplace—and really does not need an opposition just now. To be sure, we shall be left in a year or two with only one ally in Europe, and that one which we know less, and dislike more, than any other nation—we mean Austria; but the French understand the funding system too well to provoke more wars, and Russia knows that the vigour which has left our Governments is not gone from our troops. Under such circumstances, some domestic action is possible; but, at all events, the country is safer internally with an inefficient Parliament, on a new model, than it was with the cleverest Parliament of the time of George the Third. It must just study it at its leisure, bring newspapers to bear on it; and finally, see whether it is not itself to blame for its shortcomings—as far, of course, as these are not inevitable in such a body. The great modern experiment must play itself out; and at least, if it fail, it is the failure of thousands of minds.

The apathy in political matters of which people complain just now, is connected with this question of the efficiency of parliament. The efficiency does not increase as the suffrage widens; and yet it is easy to foresee, that if the efficiency further declines, it is on modifying the suffrage that England will fall back.

This brings us to our third head. There are two ways of modifying the present system of government—from two totally different



THE VINAGE—CONNOISSEURS TASTING THE RHINE WINE.—(FROM A PICTURE BY HASENCLEVER.)



points of view. One way makes less of the House than the other: it is to give the Crown power to select men for the Government, irrespective of their having seats in the House. This has been devised by those who feel that parliamentary success is not a test of governing talent. It has the approval of Mr. Carlyle. It would meet the cases of many men of "practical" talent, here talent does not get fair play under the existing system. But the distrust so generally felt of central power is not likely ever to permit this plan to be carried out, though it would just make up for the loss of that one redeeming feature of the old borough system, by which men of promise were brought into the House as men of promise. No; it is more probable that the democratic view will prevail, and an agitation be commenced for reforming the House by widening the suffrage. The machinery of representation was far from properly adjusted at the time of the Reform Bill, when the Whigs jobbed the execution of the change as they had traded on the excitement for it.

Now, it is to be feared that if it is the popular character of the assembly which makes its inefficiency, any such change would only vary the evil without removing it. But if the House is to consist of just such members of the middle class added to the old elements as wish to gratify their personal importance,—or, taking the other line, wish to hook themselves on to the ambitions of the big families,—why, a great many people, not naturally democratic, will begin to inquire whether we might not go further and fare better? Some observers maintain that universal suffrage—great bugbear as it is—would really leave the institutions of the kingdom fundamentally as safe as now, and that by bringing the heart of the people to bear on the election of the House, we should have men elected from more generous instincts, and from a wider range of individuals, than is the case at present. This is a view which will bear farther discussion by and by.

But what people ought to bear in mind is, that as an organ for preserving our liberty, and (in the long run) representing our views, the House of Commons is efficient already. Its inefficiency is as an organ for governing the country—which, however, is only a modern function. At the same time, it has now acquired a position which makes it the most important and significant of all the elements of our constitution. Perhaps the worst reflection to be drawn from a discussion on its efficiency is, that we are now beginning in England—brought into contact everywhere with vigorous and unscrupulous despotisms, of the activity of which we have fresh proofs every day—to feel more and more the want of good administration and the impediments to it; and such reflection ought to teach us the necessity of a patriotic unity in amending faults. Our whole home politics are too selfish, and a coldness at the heart may weaken the arm which we shall one day want in the Baltic, the Mediterranean, and Heaven only knows where else.

### THE RHINE WINE.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(See Engraving on previous Page.)

With ivy leaves the loving cup entwine,  
And pass it gaily round;  
In all wide Europe, brother toppers mine,  
There's no such tippie found.  
Nor is there such a fatherland,  
Nor is there such a brother band,  
As where the hearts and skies are light,  
And eyes and cups are deep and bright,  
Where the Rhine goes,  
And the Vine grows,  
And the Wine flows!

It is the Rhine, our mother, feeds us all;  
The grape-stalks are her veins.  
Press'd from her rosy side the kind drops fall,  
Lulling our wants and pains!  
'To give us life her fountains flow—  
What! do we feed on water? No.  
Devour our mother! could it be?  
'Faith, no such cannibals are we,  
Where the Rhine goes,  
And the Vine grows,  
And the Wine flows!

Who's this that comes with swell'd and gouty limb?  
A Frenchman from Bordeaux.  
Next, with his veins all blue, a Spaniard grim,  
From Malaga we know.  
Now a Bohemian, deadly sick  
With luscious draughts of Cotnar thick.  
Come on, my lads, and drink your fill,  
The real *chic* *vite* will  
Where the Rhine goes,  
And the Vine grows,  
And the Wine flows!

She flows for all, the bounteous river Rhine.  
Poor dogs, who cannot come  
To taste the glories of her magic wine,  
Send here—we'll give you some.  
We let her wealth the wide world cheer,  
But we, her zealous sons, stop here,  
To watch her rights—a faithful band—  
And guard and toast our Fatherland  
Where the Rhine goes,  
And the Vine grows,  
And the Wine flows!

**PERILOUS BALLOON ADVENTURE.**—Mr. Brunet ascended from Verona in a balloon. On attaining an altitude of 7,200 feet the balloon burst in three places and the aeronaut, though descending with appalling velocity, got out of the car and arranged the flapping silk to render the descent less precipitous; he then clung to the bottom and broke the concussion—we are told—by the elasticity of his legs! He was dead for a few minutes, and had a few slight bruises.

**CLIOPEA RACHEL.**—The warm unvarying air of the Nile having been recommended to Mlle. Rachel by her medical advisers, she has determined on following out their instructions in an original and comfortable style. On the slips of the Pharo, at Marseilles, there is now in course of construction an immense barge, formed on a model which is peculiar to the Nile, where it is known as a *cango*. This barge will be decorated internally with great luxury. It will contain a drawing room, a library, bath-rooms, &c., and is to cost, according to the contract, £4,000 sterling. A portion of the furniture of the residence of Mlle. Rachel, in the Rue Trudon, has already been despatched to Marseilles, and will be fitted to the barge, which is to be taken in tow to Alexandria, by the next steamer. "Hermione" will at once take up her quarters on board this vessel, and will pass away the winter in cruising up and down the Nile, doubtless to the tantalisation of dishonest Bedouins and to the supreme discomfort of the crocodile. It is certain that Mlle. Rachel will undertake a pilgrimage to Jerusalem as soon as her health will permit her to undergo the fatigue.

**A STORM IN THE BLACK SEA.**—The English screw-steamer *Minna* was on her voyage between Odessa and Constantinople, with a cargo of grain and 2,500 merino sheep, when she encountered a severe storm, and was struck by a sea which laid her on her beam ends. Her cargo was shifted, and she was obliged to throw about 2,000 sheep overboard. The Bosphorus subsequently swarmed with their carcasses, carried in by the current.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

THE cloud which began to settle so threateningly over the alliance between France and England seems lifted again, and the Gallic journals have lately assumed a much more moderate tone. The "Moniteur" is positively conciliatory. It recently contained a paragraph which, *proprio* of an ill-natured article in the "Constitutionnel," remarks as follows:—

"To evenom a discussion is not the way to facilitate its solution. England and France, who together carried on the war and concluded peace, and who agree upon all the great questions of the day in Europe, are divided in opinion upon one of a very minor interest. Will the difference be settled by a preliminary arrangement or by conference? That is the only thing to be decided. But, under all circumstances, we entertain the firm conviction that the difficulty will soon be removed, without running upon the double shoal of weakening the English alliance and of failing to fulfil engagements contracted."

This official repudiation of the bitter sentiments of the "Constitutionnel" is attributed to the representations of Count Persigny, whose visit to the Emperor seems to have been attended with valuable results. Count Persigny left Paris for London at one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, furnished, it is said, with very conciliatory instructions from the Emperor.

There are rumours of Ministerial changes in Paris—rumours more particularly referring to the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The Emperor and the Imperial family, with the court, returned on Sunday afternoon to St. Cloud, from Compiègne. It is believed that his Majesty will remain at the latter residence until the 13th or 15th, when the court will depart for Fontainebleau, where some grand *festes* will be given.

The Emperor and Empress have placed 100,000*fr.* in the hands of the Prefect of the police, to enable him to keep open the food kitchens for the poor, which were founded last winter. Of this subscription, 80,000*fr.* is in the name of the Emperor, and 20,000*fr.* in that of the Empress.

### SPAIN.

THE Marquis de Riviera is appointed Spanish Minister at Berlin.

A Royal decree enacts that, for the preservation of order, the city shall be divided into ten districts, and that each shall be confided to the charge of a special functionary, assisted by a sufficient force of the urban guard, which is to be increased for the purpose.

The "Madrid Gazette" of the 3rd contains the Royal decree which re-establishes the decree of 1845 on the press. Amongst other things, newspaper editors are bound to transmit a copy of their papers to the public prosecutors two hours at least before distributing them.

The "Espana" publishes an article insisting on the necessity of Spain drawing closer her alliance with the Northern Powers. This article has created a considerable sensation.

The "Gazette" says—"The Government has received several numbers of a Parisian journal, entitled 'La Presse,' in which are inserted certain articles signed by Patricio de la Escosura, an ex-Minister of the Crown, who has been loaded with favours and decorations by her Majesty—articles containing much that is deeply offensive to the Queen our Sovereign and to the King. The Government has resolved to send these numbers to the proper tribunals, in order that proceedings may be commenced against the author. No one doubts that these tribunals, jealous, as indeed are all Spaniards, of the honour of their Sovereigns, will quickly take the necessary steps in a matter of such moment, and one which has so seriously wounded the feelings of every honourable man who has seen the writings in question."

### PRUSSIA AND SWITZERLAND.

THE Diet at Frankfurt discussed the Neuchâtel question on the 6th instant, and decided that, as regards the liberation of the prisoners, it would energetically give its support to the Prussian measures. This resolution will be immediately communicated to Switzerland by the representatives of the German Governments at Berne.

France, as well as Austria, we hear, has endeavoured to obtain the release of the Neuchâtel prisoners; and the King of Prussia has announced that during the course of negotiations he will proceed to the adoption of no other measure for the securing of his rights.

### RUSSIA.

THE experience of the late war has opened the eyes of Russia to the inadequacy of her coast defences, and shown how exposed are her frontiers in Finland, and how open to any attack on the seaboard from hostile fleets. In order to protect the coast for the future, Russia has now decided on constructing five new fortresses, the preliminary arrangements for which have been made this summer, and the ground marked out. One of these is situated in the extreme northerly corner of the Gulf of Bothnia, a very short distance from the frontier town of Tornea.

For many years the military force in Russian Poland has not been so small as is now the case. The whole army does not consist of more than 60,000 men, and it is not likely to be reinforced until the price of provisions has fallen in Poland.

According to the Treaty of Peace, Russia is only to have a certain number of vessels of war in the Black Sea, but the new Steam Navigation Company will have twenty-six post steamers, six other steamers, ten tug steamers, and twenty "barques." The crews of these vessels are to have the same uniform and discipline as the sailors who are in the Imperial service. *Matériel* of war has been taken to Sebastopol, and five transports have conveyed troops to Suchum Kaleh.

The commission of public alimentation, having judged from the reports of various Governments that the harvest would be insufficient in Russia, requested a certain supply from the State at its expense; but the Government has refused, on the ground that this insufficiency does not exist, and that it is for private speculators to supply corn to the localities which are in want.

### SWEDEN.

GENERAL NORDIN, the Swedish Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, has received his dismissal from that post, after having occupied it for nearly twenty years. The wife of General Nordin is a Russian Princess, and a lady of considerable influence in the Court circles.

### ITALY.

THE King of Naples, we are told, now appears inclined to make some concessions. Little importance is to be attached to this intelligence, as any concessions which the King may now make will probably be withdrawn as soon as the external pressure ceases. It is related that the Duke of Calabria, the eldest son of the King of Naples, will meet the Emperor and Empress of Austria at Venice.

As a proof of the extreme anxiety of the Neapolitan Government to prevent a collision with English or French residents, the following circular, a copy of which has been sent, by Royal decree, to the Minister of Police, is interesting—if authentic:—

"I must beg your extreme vigilance in the plans of your administration, in order to prevent the origin of even the slightest question with French and English subjects, and in case of such questions arising, it is desirable that you should endeavour to arrange them in the best mode, defending in the extreme the rights, the persons, the property, and the interests of the French and the English. In fine, you must positively prevent the occurrence of any incidents, and should they take place, causing them to cease directly. You are to be prudent not to carry how much care and diligence are needed on your part scrupulously to peruse out such a determination, and how a great responsibility will rest on those authorities through whose neglect or omission, the above-mentioned incidents, wherever they arise, are not terminated immediately."

### MONTENEGRO.

NOR very long ago there was some prospect of Prince Daniel's consenting to acknowledge the supremacy of the Porte, but he now refuses to do so "because Russia has recognised the independence of Montenegro." Prince Daniel has produced no documentary evidence in support of his assertion, but the Austrians are not inclined to doubt its correctness. The diplomatic agents of Russia and France have recently been conferring with Prince Daniel at Cetinje.

### TURKEY AND THE EAST.

THE Sultan held a Grand Divan on the 1st of November. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe gave a magnificent entertainment on that day, in honour of conferring the Order of the Garter on the Sultan.

Ferukh-Khan, the Persian Ambassador at Constantinople, is engaging European officers for the service of his Sovereign.

It was in contemplation to replace the Caimacan of Wallachia by Prince Ghika.

It was thought that Redschid Pacha would concede the railway of the Euphrate to the English.

The diplomatic sittings, for the examination of the firmans relative to the Principities, have commenced.

Two new lines of steamers are about to be organised—one to ply between Suez and Arabia, and the other between Suez and Australia.

Said Pacha was about to leave for Upper Egypt with 12,000 men—his object being to make safe his authority in that province, and put a check to the encroachments of the King of Abyssinia.

The "Moniteur de la Flotte" contains the following details relative to Bolgrad, which has been lately the subject of so much discussion:—"The population of Bolgrad is only about from 300 to 400 inhabitants. Although placed at the bottom of a not very deep lake, and of which the navigation is difficult, it is considered as one of the ports of the Danube. It carries on a steady trade in wheat, barley, rye, and cattle. Formerly this trade was carried on by water; but now, in consequence of the difficulty of the navigation, it is done by land to the other ports of the Danube."

### PERSIA.

THE preparations for the expedition to the Persian Gulf were continued on a large scale. It was to leave Bombay about the end of October.

The *Isaoum* of Muscat will furnish reinforcements and munitions of war. A detachment from the army before Herat had seized the Afghans of Furrah, and sent the governor a prisoner to Teheran.

Advices from Cabul to the 1st of October represent Herat as still holding out.

### AMERICA.

OUR last intelligence from America still represents the prospects of Mr. Buchanan as triumphant, although the Fremonters were still in sufficient heart and force to render their success by no means out of the question. By the time, however, that this sheet is in the hands of the reader, new and the important result will probably have arrived.

A letter from Governor Geary, of Kansas, dated the 10th ult., announces the restoration of peace in that territory. He says that for two weeks no outrages have been reported, and that many of the most notorious characters have left the country.

A terrific storm swept over Lake Michigan on the 25th and 26th ult. Forty lives were lost, and two steamers and three schooners were wrecked. The British Arctic discovery ship *Resolute* is now ready for sea, and will leave as soon as orders are received from Washington for her sailing.

From Nicaragua the advices come to hand confirm the news previously received of Walker's victory. The following is the latest despatch on the subject:—"Walker has had two severe battles with the enemy, in both of which he was successful, the enemy being routed both at Granada and Nicaragua, with loss in killed and wounded of 420."

### MEXICO.

A NEW ORLEANS paper publishes a letter which intimates that the new American Minister to Mexico will not find the Government to which he is accredited in existence; that Alvarez and Vidaurri were both advancing on the capital, in order to overthrow President Comonfort, General Vidaurri had taken Mei without resistance, and then moved against Camargo, which place was defended by 1,300 men. Vidaurri had a force of 3,000 men under his command, and some skirmishing had already taken place between the belligerents.

### IRELAND.

**IRISH BANKING BUSINESS.**—The Irish Bank returns for the four weeks ending October 25, 1856, show a singularly prosperous state of the Irish banks, both the circulation and the amount of bullion exceeding considerably the highest figures which they had previously reached for several years past.

**COLLISION.**—The Mary Maklin, Captain Shea, of and from Cork, for Cahir, with a cargo of maize, foundered offizen Head on the 6th inst. after being in contact with the screw steamer Mangerton, from Liverpool to London, which put in at Queenstown on the 7th, and landed the crew.

**DECREASE OF PAUPERISM IN IRELAND.**—That the country is gradually progressing, to say the least of it, from pauperism to prosperity, we may cite the case of the Carlow Union, in which, within seven years, the number of paupers has decreased from 2,000 to 374—the number in the house last week; and this number consists exclusively of the aged and infirm, with children under fifteen years of age.

**MINISTERS' MONEY.**—A great gathering of provincial mayors and other high corporate dignitaries, is projected, for the purpose of organising a sort of general passive resistance to the new law, which fixes upon certain town councils the rather invidious charge of collecting the Ministers' Money Tax. The city of Cork having led the van in opposition to the Act of Parliament, and having hurled its defiance at the threats of the Crown Solicitor, is naturally selected as the fitting locality for the corporate congress. It must be admitted that the impost in dispute has been condemned by several Protestant clergymen, the chief portion of whose income was derived from this source.

### SCOTLAND.

**THE DANGER OF NAPHTHA LAMPS.**—A fatal explosion of a naphtha lamp is reported in an Edinburgh paper:—Mr. Cranston Waddell, while conversing with his sister one evening last week, noticed that the supply of naphtha in the lamp was almost exhausted. Mr. Waddell at once, according to his wont, but directly contrary to printed instructions, proceeded, while the lamp was burning, to fill the receiver with naphtha. While doing so, the subtle gas communicated with the flame above, and in a moment a terrific explosion took place. The bottle containing the naphtha, the lamp, everything around, was dashed in pieces. The windows were demolished, the door of the sitting-room blown into the passage, and Mr. Waddell and his sister covered with the blazing naphtha. Mr. Waddell lingered in intense agony till Friday morning, when death terminated his sufferings. It is hoped that the injuries received by his sister may not prove fatal, but up to the last accounts the lay in a most precarious state.

**A THIEF IN THE CHIMNEY.**—A robber has been captured at the village of Durno, near Inverury, in a way remarkably unpleasant to himself. He attempted to enter an old widow's house at night by descending a chimney; he stuck fast midway; the old widow heard him; she heaped straw in the fireplace and lighted it; the robber, half-suffocated, roared. Persons were collected by his cries; he was drawn up with ropes, more dead than alive, and the police took charge of him.

**SEVERE CASE OF BANK-RUPTCY.**—At Bridgend, N.B., a number of juveniles assembled at the Savings Bank to deposit their penny savings, when suddenly the flooring gave way, and they, to the number of about thirty, with their bankers, his desk, books, chair, &c., were swallowed up in the region beneath—a lumber and coal cellar. The confusion and cries that ensued are indescribable. Fortunately no serious injuries were received by the youthful capitalists.

**MR. THACKERAY AT EDINBURGH.**—Mr. Thackeray's lectures have proved so popular, that he has been induced to enter into arrangements for the re-delivery of the whole series of the Four Georges. They are to be repeated in the Queen Street Hall, on the evenings of the 20th, 22nd, 24th, and 27th instant, under arrangements which will render them accessible to a very wide circle. The "File Herald" says it is not improbable that Mr. Thackeray may visit Cupar, and there give one of his lectures on the Four Georges. We believe Mr. Thackeray has also consented to give one of them in Dumfries.

**CONVICTION FOR MURDER.**—Mary Wood, a respectable-looking young woman, was convicted on Saturday before the High Court of Justiciary, of drowning her illegitimate child in the Union Canal. The child (a female), was born in the Maternity Hospital, Edinburgh, on the 9th of September, and the mother left the Hospital on the 20th with her child. She was met the same evening on her way home to the village of Juniper Green, carrying her child with her. She arrived at the residence of her parents the same evening, but her child was not with her. On being questioned about it, the girl said that the child's father had taken care of it. On the following morning its body was found in the canal. A cloth had been tied round it and a stone of about three pounds weight was fastened inside the coil. The girl was accordingly apprehended, and admitted her guilt. She said that as she was passing along the canal, the sense of her degradation suddenly came upon her, and by a violent and uncontrollable impulse she was induced to commit the deed. A plea of culpable homicide tendered at the commencement of the trial was refused by the prosecution, and the case went on to a conviction. The jury found her guilty, but added a recommendation to mercy, which the Lord Justice Clerk said would be transmitted to the proper quarter; but in passing sentence of death, he earnestly exhorted her to prepare for the worst. The execution is appointed to take place in Edinburgh, on the 29th of November. On receiving sentence the prisoner trembled violently.



## THE LEGIONARIES AT PORTSMOUTH

GENERAL WILLIAMS ATTACKS OMAR PACHA.

It appears to us, that while Sir William Wigram cherishes such a fanatical (we had almost written stunkey) admiration for General Mouravieff, as that which he parades in season and out of season, we can only expect him to display a corresponding degree of hostility towards the "able and veteran" Russian's opponent.

## ENORMOUS FRAUDS ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

Associated with Mr. Leopold Redpath in the same office, was Mr. Charles J. Cumming Kent. As the directors had cause to suspect that he was mixed up to some extent with the frauds perpetrated by Redpath, he was given into custody, and has undergone a private examination at the Clerkenwell Police Court. The case was made out with sufficient strength to warrant a remand.

Redpath has succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the police at present.

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE SYSTEM in this country is about to be very much restricted.

THE FETE DAY OF THE DEAD AT THE CEMETERY  
OF MONTMARTRE, PARIS.

SYMPATHISING, as most men do, in the exclamation of Edmund Burke that he would rather lie in the southern corner of a country churchyard than in the tomb of all the Capulets, we appreciate the good feeling which prompts the inhabitants of populous cities to lay their departed relatives in suburban spots, where nature has been lavish of her beauty, and to erect tasteful monuments to perpetuate the memories of those who "sleep the sleep that knows no breaking." Such a feeling is, in fact, part of human nature. "Mau," writes Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and compassed in the grave."

Flower more enchanting places of repose after death could be mentioned, than that familiar to Parisians as the Cemetery of Montmartre—the scene of that *fete* which our engraving represents. Of all others in the suburbs of Paris, with the exception of that cemetery celebrated as Père la Chaise, Montmartre is the richest in ornament, and the most picturesque as regards situation.

Before the suppression of burial-grounds within the city of Paris, the spot occupied by Montmartre was a sycum quarry; and the irregularity of the ground caused by that circumstance, gives the place a romantic and picturesque appearance. From the elevated ground on the right, the visitor has an enchanting view of a deep hollow, in which the cypress, the lilac, and the honeysuckle flourish over the graves of the dead; and at the extremity of this high ground—on which are handsome monuments of such families as *Voyer d'Argenson*, *D'Aguesseau*, *de Segur*, and *Seveste*—a just a multitude of simple grave-stones, are seen many stately and elegant monuments in the form of antique tombs, and columns, and small temples; the most prominent, we believe, being a lofty stone obelisk, erected to the memory of a Duchess of the great house of Montmorency.

memory of a Duchess of the great house of Montaguency.

One day in the year—All Saints' Day—the Parisians hold a great festival at the graves of their dead. After attending mass, which is said for the repose of the departed souls, they repair to the cemetery where rest their friends and relatives. Flowers are planted over the graves, and *innortels* are hung about the railings of the monuments, some of which are so constructed as to form chapels, in which the friends meet to pray. The scenes witnessed in the cemetery on such occasions are sometimes very touching. We have ourselves been present, and have been deeply moved at the tender feeling displayed, especially in cases where the bereavement has been recent.

Lord Palmerston afterwards addressed a few words to the merchants in the Exchange area; took a short trip on the Mersey in a steamer, viewing the extent of the docks and some of the improvements on the Cheshire shore; and visited the warehouses of the Albert Dock and the Sailors' Home. About four o'clock he returned with his Manchester host to Claremont.

#### FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

Wux on Sunday evening, the down parliamentary train for Norwich reached the Bridgham cutting, about four miles from Thetford, at unusual knocking noise was heard, and the engineer, Sibley, shut off the steam, and called his break, and told the fireman, whose name is Cullington, to go round the engine and see what was the matter. Cullington obeyed the order, but was almost immediately thrown off to the ground, with such violence that he was rendered useless for a few minutes. A terrible scene followed. The tire of the lead bearing wheel of the engine had broken, and the immense machine, which was being propelled at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, left the rails, and ran along the bank of the cutting for some yards, when it fell over, carrying the tender with it, and throwing it partly across the up line. The carriages attached, in the meantime, continued their course, and the engine, being suddenly brought to a stand, a frightful crash took place, two of four horse-boxes which were providentially placed next the tender being smashed to atoms. The stock being thus happily broken, the passenger cars escaped without injury.

The disaster, however, did not end here. A goods train, which was proceeding on the up line, came up almost immediately after cars, and struck the tender of the fallen engine, which was lying as has been already stated, partly across the rails. The engine of the goods train and the first two trucks passed the tender safely, but a slight alteration having probably taken place in the position of the obstruction, the third truck nearly seized, and became separated from those which had preceded it. Another of the trucks—as thrown off the rails, and both lines became completely blocked. The first act of the fireman, Cullington, on regaining consciousness, was to see after his unfortunate "mate," and after some little time he found him jammed in the debris, between the fallen engine and tender, and dead. The passengers in the parliamentary train were conveyed back to Thetford as soon as possible, and were accommodated for the night. By great exertions one line of rails were sufficiently cleared to enable the traffic to be resumed next morning. In the course of Monday, the other line was cleared, and the usual arrangements were resumed. The breaking of the tire, the cause of all the mischief, seems to have been accidental; no flaw was detected in the iron of which it was made when examined after the accident. All the wheels of the engine were examined by the deceased before the journey from Cambridge was commenced.

An inquest was held on Tuesday on the body of the unfortunate engine-driver, a steady and respected man. A verdict of "Accidental Death" was returned.

**VISIT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES TO ETON COLLEGE.**—On Tuesday evening last, the masters and scholars of this ancient foundation were gratified by a visit from the Prince of Wales, attended by Mr. Gibbs and Dr. B.cker. The object of the attendance of his Royal Highness was to hear one of a series of lectures on chemistry, now in course of delivery by Mr. J. H. Pepper, the professor of science at the Royal Polytechnic. The Prince was loudly cheered by the scholars on leaving the room.

**ROYAL CLEMENCY**—The Queen has granted full and free pardon to all persons suffering under the consequences of conviction for political offences. This will be of the greatest consequence to many like Mr. Smith O'Brien, O'Doherty, &c., in Ireland, and Frost, Williams, and Jones, in England. What had hitherto been done merely remitted the punishment inflicted in each case, but a pardon under the Great Seal restores the individuals to all their civil rights and station as they stood before trial. This act of clemency does not include those who broke their parole, or incurred the additional penalty of dying from the sentence of the law.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND LADY FRANKLIN.—In a memoir of Sir John Franklin, drawn up by M. de la Roquette, for insertion in the proceedings of the Geographical Society of France, we find an extract from a letter which the Empress Eugénie addressed shortly after her marriage to Lady Franklin. It runs thus:—"It is, above all, as a woman and a wife, that I should with pleasure see France associated with England in these generous expeditions, the first object of which is to rescue a man whose private virtues are surely equal to his talent and his courage, since he has inspired in you such an admirable devotion. Ultimately, I hope that Heaven will grant you the success that your ennobling affection merits, and then, Madam, there will be a person who will most sincerely participate in the joy of the wife of Captain Franklin—the wife of the Emperor Napoleon."

**HER MAJESTY AT ALDERSHOTT.**—Her Majesty honoured the theatre at Aldershot with her presence on the evening of Thursday. The piece performed was "The Mummy," the dramatic persons of which were especially rendered by Messrs. A. H. Hale and E. Daniel. Royal Engineers, Ellys, Scots Fusilier Battalion, R.D.C. 1st Regiment; C White, Scots Fusilier Guards; and Captain Kelly, R.D.C. In the evening, Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, was in the North Camp by ten o'clock, and drove through it to the South, inspecting, as she passed, the officers' quarters, the soldiers' room, the cooking-room, &c., greatly to the delight of the soldiers, who greeted her with hearty cheers.

THE CHAPEL OF SMETHWELL'S HALL, near Bolton, an edifice of considerable antiquity and historical interest, has been destroyed by fire.

**THE MURDER IN PARLIAMENT STREET.**—On Wednesday, the Coroner for Westminster held an inquiry at the Westminster Hospital, touching the death of Richard Cole, jeweller's assistant, aged 36. The witnesses, who were examined before the magistrates, and whose evidence has already appeared, having repeated their statements, Mr. Holt, senior surgeon, and Mr. Marshall, house-surgeon at the hospital, proved that the deceased died from the effects of severe violence to the head. There were two extensive fractures on the left side of the skull, several fissures branching off from those fractures, and frightful lacerations of the scalp. Mr. Marshall likewise proved that the deceased was quite sensible when he identified the prisoner Marley as the man who assaulted him. Inspector Radstock and other witnesses having spoken in corroboration, the Coroner summed up, and the jury at once recorded a verdict of "Willful Murder against Robert Marley," who was then committed to take his trial on the capital charge. At the close of the case the Coroner commented upon the fearful nature of the case, and expressed a hope that it would put an end to the ticket-office system.

THE CIRCASSIANS IN ARMS.—The Constantinople papers publish news from Circassia to the 23rd of October, and state that Sefer Pacha was encamped at Sasdjok with 25,000 men. The forts and fortinches were still in the hands of the mountaineers.

**A RUM CAPTURE.**—On Sunday morning, Mr. James Eastwood, general broker, of Chadwell, near Grays, rose from his quiet couch, came down stairs and discovered that some person had entered his house unbidden in the night, and left it in a state of delightful confusion—drawers ransacked, shop till snatched, and bacon, cheese, and several other articles in the victualling line missing. On going into the garden to reconnoitre the line of retreat, Mr. Eastwood discovered the till—empty of course—and a trace of footmarks leading over a brick wall into a field. The trail of the robber was followed, and presently was perceived a man in the road, staggering along with the soil, which, on account of his inability to carry off, he had resorted to conceal in a ditch. As the fellow being, in fact, in a helpless state of drunkenness, was easily captured, it was then apparent that the fellow, in ransacking the plundered house, had stumbled upon a bottle of rum, which proved almost as formidable and fatal to him as a revolver, for he drank of it so greedily, that he lay down in a neighbouring field till slumbering justice awoke in the morning, and thus fell an easy prey to his pursuers. He gave his name James Wilson, of Tanworth; and the above facts being deposed to before a magistrate at Orect, he was committed for trial at the adjourned session, and was taken to jail in a melancholy mood, the said having fairly died within him.

**TOWN OF NOVEMBER RIOT IN BRIGITON.**—The celebration of the Gunpowder plot in Brigton, led to an affray with the police. Men with bludgeons gathered in the streets in the evening, and the mob did not seem to enter the town with a fair hand. The fire took place in the streets. This was opposed; and, in consequence, they were roughly treated with stones, bricks, and bludgeons. The rioters are so seriously indisposed that they have been bid adieu from duty. Seventeen of the rioters were apprehended, and fined the next morning by the magistrates.

**MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.**—Liverpool has elected Mr. Francis Shand, merchant, to be office of Mayor for the ensuing year; Manchester has chosen Mr. James Wainwright, merchant, Salford, Stephen Hells, southerer; Birmmgham, Mr. John R. Reid, brewer; Newcastle upon-Tyne, Mr. George C. G. O'Grady, land agent; Bristol, Mr. George Crawshaw, iron merchant; Portsmouth, Mr. George J. G. (another); Southampton, Mr. Richard Andrews for the fifth time within the six-seven years; Oxford, Mr. Alderman Towle; Nottingham, Mr. John Bosley.

ON LORD ROBERT CECIL ON EDUCATION.—Lord Robert Cecil appeared before a select audience, last week, at the Mechanics' Institute of that town, taking as his theme Nation and Education. His Lordship insisted on the distinction between education and instruction, and warned his hearers against leaving too much to the schoolmaster, on the supposition that the proper work of the family could be done in the school. In his own sphere the schoolmaster could inculcate that practical knowledge of Christian truth which must be the basis of a hearty faith. He believed that if they were to raise the social condition of those classes with whose degradation our country is so constantly haunted, their heads should be elevated. The Noble Lord then sketched the history of educational efforts in this country. He defended the Privy Council system, under which, he said, education had increased with unexampled rapidity. Adverting to the controversies which complicate the cause of public education, he said he believed that at last religious men of all parties, in very despair, would unite in a resolution to exclude this bone of discord—religious teaching—altogether. Some then accept any of the pernicious compromises proposed by Sir J. F. Kingston and Lord J. Russell—sooner than surrender for the Church of England the right of teaching her own creed, unmitigated and pure, wherever she teaches at all, he, for one, would vote for the secular system. The Noble Lord was frequently applauded.

**SHIP ON FIRE.**—On Monday morning it was discovered that the barque *Star of Hope*, of London, lying in the Broad Quay, Bristol, was on fire. Nearly all the sails and cordage were destroyed. The loss is supposed to be between £700 and £800. The boy who slept on board admits that, before going to bed, he stuck a lighted candle into a corner of the rope, but says he is certain he blew it out before going to sleep. This, however, seems highly improbable.

**DETAINED CAPTURE OF A BURGLAR**—Between two and three o'clock on Sunday morning a man, named Joshua Denby, resident at Windhill, near Bradford, left his house to call in a surgeon for his wife. On his way he observed a man run from the shop of William Taylor, provision dealer, and hide himself in a corner of another building. He thereupon walked straightway into the corner, where he found the man standing upright against the wall, as if to elude detection, and he immediately seized him. He had no sooner done so, however, than the fellow struck him with a heavy crowbar, inflicting a severe gash on his head, from which blood flowed profusely. Nothing daunted, Denby rose to his feet and again seized the burglar, whom, after a severe struggle, he secured and took back to his own house. He then sent for a policeman, on whose arrival a search was made, and a number of skeleton keys were found about the prisoner and in places where he had stood. He had evidently been disturbed in Taylor's shop, where he left a portion of his housebreaking instruments. On Saturday the prisoner was taken before the magistrates at Bradford and remained, as Denby was then too ill to attend.

Visit of Sir JOHN PEARINGTON to MANCHESTER.—The Right Hon. Sir John PEARINGTON, Bart., M.P., accompanied by his son, will arrive in Manchester on Monday next, and during his stay will be joined by James W. Esq., the Mayor, at Cheadle. On Monday, the Mayor will give a banquet, and afterwards, Aderrnan Nicholls will entertain Sir John and a select party of friends to dinner at Eagley House, Ardwick. In the evening, the Right Hon. Baronet will deliver an address to the members of the Manchester Athenæum "On National Education."

**WONDERFUL ESCAPE.**—The passenger train from Fleetwood to Manchester, which left Preston at 10:5 A. M., on Tuesday week, was in charge of a guard named Green. After it had left the Preston Station, Green observed that the canvas sheet strewn over some luggage, in one of the carriages, was loose and flapping out to the side. He made his way to the roof of the carriage, to secure the sheet, but having forgotten that the telegraphic wires are made to cross the line about that point, he was dashed against them with so much force that one of the wires was broken. He was conscious of another stretched so thin that it was almost severed, and an insulator loosened. Green, who received a severe blow in the face, as through a "head plate," fell off the carriage upon which he had been standing, and fell between that and the adjoining carriage. By the greatest good fortune his progress to the ground was stopped by the apparatus connecting the two carriages, and he suddenly known as the "shackle," and by some mysterious means, he succeeded in extricating himself from his perilous position and gaining a place of safety. The injuries he sustained were of so apparently trivial a nature, that Green continued to work the train as far as Bolton, and though he was relieved at that station by another guard, he remained in the train until its arrival in Manchester. There, however, it was found that the shock to the nervous system was more serious than at first supposed, and he was speedily conveyed home.

GRAVESEND AND ROCHESTER AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. The annual ploughing match of the Gravesend and Rochester Agricultural Association came off at Chalk, near Gravesend, last week. As many as thirty-five ploughs competed for the prizes; and as the work of each was excellent, the judges had some difficulty in making their award. Prizes were also distributed in money and in kind to the best sowing and reaping machines, and to the members of the association doing together at the New Inn, their president, the Earl of Denby, occupying the chair. There were also present the Mayor of Gravesend, Mr. William Musters Smith, M.P., Sir Walter Riddell, M.P., &c.

THE GREAT GOLD DUST ROBBERY.—This extraordinary case was investigated on Wednesday and Thursday; the chief evidence being in the confession of a man, named Agon, who was implicated in the transaction. As the examination is at present incomplete, we defer our report till next week.

HER AT THE SOUTH METROPOLITAN DISTRICT SCHOOL.—A fire broke out at these schools (situate at Dutton, in Surrey) on Thursday morning. There were more than nine hundred children in the schools at the time, but fortunately they were all saved from injury, and have been sent home. A great portion of the building is laid in ruins.





THE FETE DAY OF THE DEAD IN THE CEMETERY OF MONTMARTRE, PARIS.



# COUNT KISSELEFF, THE NEW RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AT PARIS.

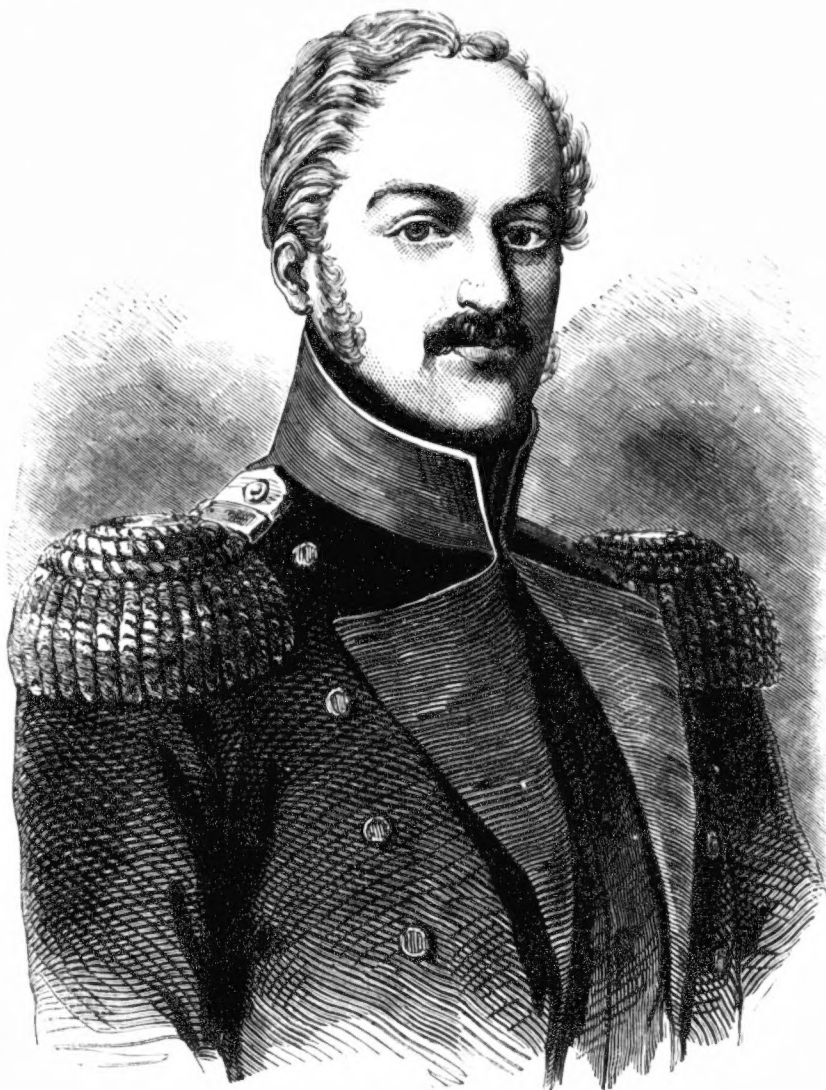
THE arrival of Count Kisseleff in Paris, his position as the Czar's representative at the Court of the Tuileries, and his ceremonious reception in that character by the Emperor Napoleon, are circumstances which at present bring this military and diplomatic personage prominently before the public. The career of a man who at this time figures as Russian Ambassador at Paris, cannot but be a matter of general interest.

About sixty-eight years since, Paul Kisseleff first saw the light at Moscow. Born of a family whose nobility dates from the eleventh century, he early entered the regiment of Chevalier Guards, and won distinction by his courage and intelligence. In several engagements preceding the Peace of Tilsit, he signalled himself, and took part in the actions which, in 1814, led to the fall of Napoleon.

While Kisseleff held the rank of captain, he had the fortune to attract the notice of Alexander I., and becoming one of the aides-de-camp to that Czar, won his confidence. At the Congress of Vienna, to which he accompanied Alexander, Kisseleff proved his capacity to serve such a sovereign; and when, at the second entry of the Allies into Paris, he was entrusted with several delicate missions, he performed them to the entire satisfaction of his Imperial master. On returning to Russia, Kisseleff was rewarded with promotion to the rank of major-general, and appointed to the post of chief of the staff of the army of reserve. At a later period, in 1823, he became aide-de-camp-general to Alexander, and till the moment of his death, that Czar treated him with the greatest kindness and affection.

The death of Alexander, which caused Kisseleff deep regret, raised the hopes of his rivals, and the conspiracy formed at the time of the accession of Nicholas increased the difficulties of his position. Several officers of the army of reserve were among the conspirators, and to ensure success in their plans, it was necessary that they should have the assistance of the chief of the staff. The first proclamations were to be signed by him, and it was determined that he should bear the responsibility. The courage and prudence of Kisseleff did not forsake him for one instant, and when the storm passed over, he found that Nicholas honoured him with no less confidence than Alexander had displayed.

Such being the case, Kisseleff, in 1828, took part in the campaign against the Turks, and commanded in person within fire of the enemy, at the passage of the Danube, where his conduct procured for him the rank of lieutenant-general. At the siege of Shumla, he made himself master of the most important positions, after two hours' obstinate fighting, and in acknowledgement of his services, received a sword of honour enriched with diamonds. When appointed, in 1829, to command the troops stationed in Wallachia, Kisseleff gave fresh proofs of zeal and activity in the Czar's cause. The pachas of Widdin and Scutari having suddenly taken up arms, he marched against them, gained possession of the town of Gabrova in the Balkans, and destroyed at



COUNT KISSELEFF, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF FRANCE.

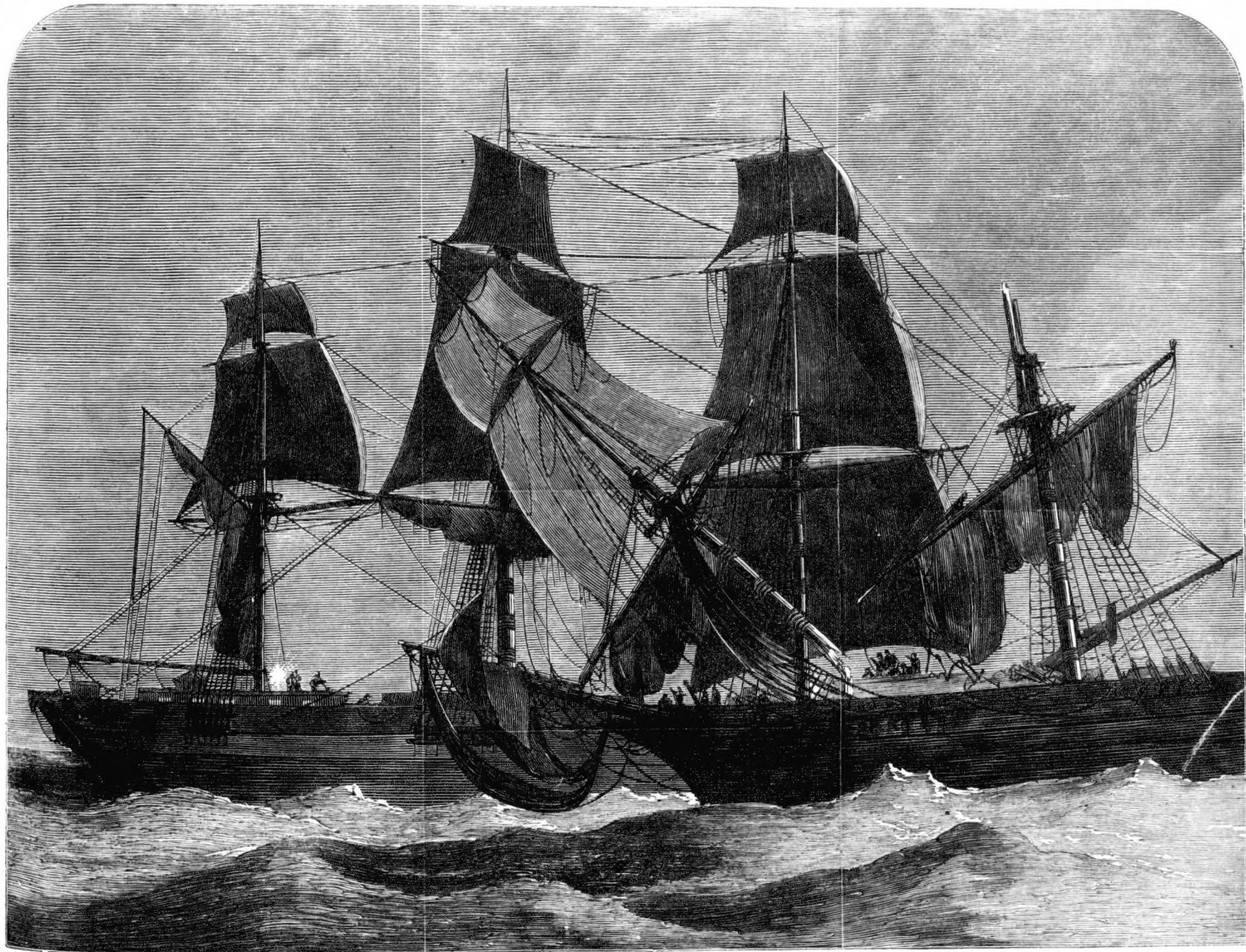
a single blow the hopes which had animated them while rising in arms. This achievement secured him the order of St. Alexander-Newsky.

When the peace of Adrianople was signed, and the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, with the fortress of Silistria, were to be occupied by the Russians until the indemnity for the expenses of the war was paid, Kisseleff was appointed commander of the army of occupation and governor of the Principalities. In these capacities he appears to have acted with great ability and vigour; and his administration was advantageous to the inhabitants of the provinces. When plague and famine decimated the population, he introduced corn from the foreign markets and established a board of health. He determined to put a stop to the system of bribing and abuse, and excited a noble emulation among people of every grade employed in the public service. Having appointed a commission of the most enlightened of the nobles to re-organise the institutions of the country, Kisseleff set himself with energy to the work of reform. He encouraged the labouring population; improved the schools, hospitals, prisons, and other charitable institutions of the country, organised a body of police, converted the fortresses of d'Ibrailloff and Giurgevo into fine cities, and improved the towns of Bucharest and Jassy.

Sixteen months after the arrival of General Kisseleff, the aspect of affairs was completely changed; and he won golden opinions from the inhabitants when cholera appeared among them. On that occasion, Kisseleff did all that human power could do, and when the disease disappeared, people crowded round the residence of Kisseleff, anxious to offer their gratitude to the Governor. When this danger passed away, the work of reform went on, and the punishments of torture and death were abolished.

Time passed, and in 1833 Kisseleff was deputed to command the army sent to the assistance of the Porte, threatened by Ibrahim Pacha. He was about to cross the Danube when he learned that hostilities were suspended. In 1832, he received the grand cross of the order of Saint Vladimir in diamonds, and in 1833 that of Saint Alexander-Newsky; and the Sultan sent him his portrait ornamented with diamonds, and conferred on him the rank of Bey. When a convention was in 1834 concluded at St. Petersburg, and arrangements made for the Russian troops leaving the Principalities, Kisseleff resigned his post, universally regretted by all classes. Wallachia, to show her gratitude, proposed to erect a monument that should perpetuate the memory of Governor Kisseleff, and to record the benefits conferred on the people during his administration. Kisseleff declined the honour, but expressed a desire that the funds raised should be distributed among the schools of the country.

After returning to Russia, Kisseleff was magnificently rewarded for the various services he had rendered. Without delay, he was raised to the rank of general of infantry, and nominated member of council of the empire. In 1837, he became minister of the crown domains. In 1839, he was raised to the dignity of a count



THE CHERUBIM RUNNING DOWN THE OCEAN HOME, 25 MILES S.E. OF THE LAND'S END.



of the empire; in 1811, he received the order of St. Andrew; and in 1815 the insignia of the same order in diamonds.

When Count Kischeloff arrived in Paris, where previously to the Crimean war he represented the Court of St. Petersburg, the Emperor Napoleon was at Compiègne. The Count was forthwith favoured with an invitation to that sylvan palace, and proceeded thither to present an autograph letter from the Czar. The Emperor received him alone, and their interview lasted for an hour.

### THE CHERUBIM AND THE OCEAN HOME.

THE names of these vessels are associated with one of those collisions at sea which so often cause loss of human life, and shock the English public by the frequency of their occurrence. The engraving on the previous page is from a sketch which has been forwarded to us by a passenger on board one of the ill-fated vessels; the accident, being of recent date, is doubtless fresh in the memory of most of our readers.

The *Cherubim* appears to be an American brig, of some 2,000 tons, and was proceeding up the Channel towards London with a general cargo and a number of passengers, among whom were the widow and five children of the late British Consul at New York, who died very suddenly fourteen days after sailing; while the *Ocean Home* was on her way from Rotterdam to New York, with German emigrants and a general cargo. When going down the Channel one morning, under all possible sail, royals, top-gallant, studding sails, and in sight of the Lizard Light, the fearful collision took place. The foremast of the *Ocean Home* was carried over the off-side, and the ill-fated ship went down in about twenty minutes. Seven of the seamen instantly jumped into the rigging of the *Cherubim*. Most of the passengers were asleep in their berths; but ten contrived, with three of the crew, to get into a quarter-boat, and in a sinking state to join the *Cherubim*, which was then at some distance. Eighty-seven are said to have perished. By the concussion the windlass was driven on the fore-peak, which prevented the seamen below from coming on deck.

Captain Merryman ran to the after-hatch to call the passengers, and was taken down with the ship, after being entangled with the rigging. He came to the surface, caught hold of a piece of wood, and then of a cabin-door, which supported him four hours, when he and the mate, who was saved in a similar manner, were rescued by the *Cherubim's* boat. The survivors were conveyed in a pilot sloop to Plymouth.

### INQUIRY INTO THE LOSS OF THE TAY.

AN inquiry into the loss of the Royal Mail steamer *Tay* was opened on Saturday, at the Greenwich Police Court, before Mr. Traill, the magistrate, and Capt. Robertson, R.N., Surveyor-General of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade.

Captain William Strutt (commanding the *Tay*) said that during the whole of his service at sea (covering eighteen years), he had never met with any mishap until the loss of the *Tay*, to the command of which he was appointed in May last. He then stated that they left Havannah on the 25th of August, and described the course pursued thence till the morning when the vessel stranded, near Cape Roxo, in the Gulf of Mexico. He also put in evidence the night order book, in which the order of course was entered. He left the deck at about eleven o'clock the night before the ship struck, leaving directions how the vessel was to be steered; returned at a quarter to two, and remained till the ship struck at ten minutes past five. After the chief officer came on deck at four o'clock, witness dived off on one of the boats, and dreamed that the vessel had struck just as it occurred afterwards. He started up. It was then a quarter to five. Went forward to the fore-castle, where the chief officer was. The first glimpse of daylight was then showing. The vessel struck immediately. Witness attributed the disaster to the influence of an extraordinary current running southward, the said current having been caused by a heavy hurricane which it was subsequently learned had blown on the 27th and 28th of August, on the north side of Cuba. Such a hurricane, passing from S.W. to E.S.E., would produce what was known as a "storm-wave," which latter, preceded by a large body of water, would continue its course until it broke upon some shore, however distant. The *Tay*, passing a dangerous part of the coast exactly at the time the "storm-wave" was approaching, felt the effects of its current without warning, and just struck in time to experience the disastrous effects of the wave itself.

Mr. W. T. Rawles, third officer; Mr. Herbert, second officer; and other witnesses; also Lieutenant Stewart, R.N., Admiralty officer in charge of the mails on board the *Tay*, were examined, and expressed a similar opinion as to the cause of the vessel's stranding.

Mr. Macintosh, the first officer; Mr. Herbert, the second officer; and Mr. Rawles, the third officer, were re-examined at some length as to the practice of taking the ship's rate. They stated that they were principally guided by the number of the revolutions of the engine, and not the log. It was how at times, but not regularly.

Captain Vincent, the company's marine superintendent at Southampton, said that he had no doubt that the hurricane which had been represented to have raged near Havannah, would have the effect stated by Captain Strutt on the current on the coast between Vera Cruz and Tampico. A gale at Havannah would probably produce this current. It could not have been detected by the captain except by stopping the ship dead and casting the lead. The course N. by W. was the proper course from Vera Cruz to Tampico, until they neared Lobos. It would have been more prudent had the *Tay's* course not been altered until she had run two hours more. Knew Captain Strutt to be a very careful officer.

Captain Liott, one of the managers of the company, said the cause of the loss was a strong act of disobedience of the company's regulations. The company had never permitted the working of the ship by the rate which the engineers gave the officers of the watch. It could not be accurate.

After some unimportant remarks, the inquiry closed. The court remarked that they were satisfied as to the existence of the current spoken of, but it would be a matter of consideration for their report to the Board of Trade whether the captain had observed the usual regulations and precautions in navigating the ship.

**\*\* PARTIES** requiring back numbers of the "Illustrated Times" to complete sets, are informed that of the majority of these, the quantity on hand is becoming rapidly exhausted, and that it is not intended to incur the expense of reprinting them. Such numbers as may be required should therefore be at once ordered of the respective agents.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHY SUPERSEDED BY METALLOGRAPHY.—A correspondent has forwarded to us some directions which he received in return for twelve postage stamps sent by him to S. B., of Wainfleet, Lincolnshire, on the faith of an advertisement which appeared in our paper under the head of "Photography superseded by Metallography." Having read the directions in question, we do not hesitate to say that this cheating advertisement is in future excluded from our columns.

ARCHDEACON DENISON.—We omitted to mention in our last week's impression that the portrait of the Venerable Archdeacon was from a photograph by Messrs. Hennah and Kent, of Brighton.

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1856.

### ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

SINCE the "Monitor"—that "Hue-and-Cry" of despotism—published its rebuke (a fact which has somehow awakened the Paris correspondent of the "Times" to a great many bad symptoms which he did not tell us of before), we have had the "anonymous" question ventilated again pretty generally. There are a few steady old questions which come up every now and then in this way. This one is certainly interesting, and concerns the public,—only that we must remind people that anonymity has now prescription in its favour, and may plead time, like other English institutions. The *onus* of showing that it is wrong, therefore, devolves on the assailant; yet it will not perhaps be amiss if we point out some of the considerations which induce us to think that, in the main, it is right. We are well aware that there is a reaction against journalism going on—which is, how-

ever, obliged to find a vent in journals; for instance, in the "Saturday Review," the writers of which affect to be magnificences in disguise condescending to instruct the world, and thereby infinitely amuse the cynic, who is up to the business.

There is a back image which has done good service to the opponents of the anonymous—the image of the "elook and stileto." When a writer criticises anybody sharply, up comes the old figure of speech. But the complainant does not look carefully at the truth of his comparison. The stab he has had is not a stab, except as far as the public approves it. There lies the mischief of it. For his ace, a man might as well squirt at the moon as attack Miss Nightingale; but when he attacks Lucan or Cardigan, he has a large section of the public with him, which has a right to be represented. Now, what is it to those Lords who attack in a paper? Why don't they answer the attack itself? That they have always the opportunity of doing. But by pitching on the individual, whom would they get?—only a representative person, the organ of a certain portion of English society.

And, in fact, that is just what an anonymous journalist is—he is a representative person. In writing in the "Times," A. or B. is not only A. or B.—he has the responsibility of a great property and the inspiration of a vast experience at his back. His essay has two values—its literary value as a composition—its moral value as an article in the "Times." Now, we think very highly, of course, of the literary execution of "Times" leaders; but we are quite sure that even they are subordinate in importance to the circumstance that the "Times" adopts it. The public say, "Oh, the 'Times' ventures to say this—the 'Times' has decided that,"—not thinking of the beauty of the style, but of the great interests which the essay represents. Supposing that a reader found, some morning, "Henry Hopkins" at the bottom of his leader, what good would it do him? It might gratify his curiosity, if he happened to have any on the point, but it would leave the influence of the leader on his mind pretty much the same. A bottle of ale ought to have "Bass" or "Allsopp" on it, because then you know what you shall find on opening it; but a leader speaks for itself, and the place where you find it speaks for it.

But "Hopkins," in the case we have supposed, is really not Hopkins only. He is the agent of a power; and that just as honourably as Lord X. is the agent of a Government. He has as much right to the extra regard which the anonymous probably brings to what he says, as the said Lord X. to that of his position. When a Lord makes a speech, we do not only weigh it as a piece of composition—we give it the *prestige* of his place in society—of the power which he represents.

The truth is, that a journalist requires protection, because he has not that official protection which is supplied by a regular profession. The parson has his cloth, and the lawyer his gown; the journalist has neither. He would be a cock shot for all mankind, if he were not allowed a breastwork. The public offender, smarting under castigation, would not reason—he would fly at the mere executive power who bestowed it. Occasionally a convict flings his shoe at the judge, not discriminating between the judge and the law. Now, the journalist, who must represent the public, ought to be viewed as a kind of public executioner. For our own parts, we assume the *flagellum*, when it may be required, only because we know that there are scores of honest fellows longing to see it applied, but not in a position to apply it. Punish us, and you punish them.

Again, in this country, certain other considerations make it fair that writers should have this protection. Podger would probably be indignant if he thought anybody had an opinion on Italy or the Corn Laws who does not keep a gig. He would hunt the writer up, and make his life miserable. Mobs of people would be at him on the slightest provocation, and free censure would be impossible. It is not at all necessary that he should be so exposed: the English press is prudish as it is; but when any personal onslaught is published the victim can pretty well get at his man. The anonymous system did not prevent the Buxwell and Snare, Maziure and Berkeley duels, nor that in which Scott of the "London Magazine" fell.

Writers are often flattered by the idea that they would be gainer personally by the abolition of the system. Somehow, though, the way in which the system is attacked, and the character of those who attack it, enable us to foresee that a decline of press influence is hoped for the change; and if the press suffered as a whole, individuals would suffer likewise. The kick of the "Monitor" at the "anonymous" character of what is pleased to call our "calumnies," is warning enough on this point; if such authorities dislike it, that is something in its favour. The system as it stands, has grown up about us—suited our national character and peculiar state of society, and "works well." Its anomalies lie on the surface, and strike everybody; its advantages are not so obvious. But, of course, it is too suggestive a theme for our article to exhaust, and having (as we think) put it in a somewhat new light, we leave it for the present.

### THE ROYAL GAME OF BISHOP.

WE are bound to confess, that up to a very recent period we have been in the habit of expecting with considerable anxiety the monthly numbers of Mr. Charles Dickens's "Little Dorrit"; and that we have been chafing and fretting somewhat as to the probable date of the appearance of Mr. Thackeray's promised serial, and as to whether its title will be "Memoirs of J. J., edited by Mr. Arthur Pendennis," or "Passages in the Life of Frederic Bayham, Esq., with Notes by Mr. Clive Newcome." Our interest in the appearance of these works may perchance be considered pardonable, as we have hitherto believed their authors to be the two great masters of English Humour—unrivalled and inimitable; but our admiration, and the homage it calls forth, must henceforth be divided. *Fortenque Gyan, Fortenque Cloanthum*, have as strong, if not a stronger, competitor in the realms of satire. From the swart, remote, gritty, grisly, coaly districts of Durham there has started up a humourist of such desperate keenness, of such prodigious force of perception in the *vis comica*, that we shrink from comparing him with even the greatest moderns; that we are compelled to have recourse to the ancients to parallelise his capacity; and that now, calmly reviewing the one short printed passage on which our judgment is founded, we feel very much disposed to doubt whether such a flight of humour has been equalled since Jonathan Swift told the "Tale of a Tub" to a delighted and terrified world, or since Francis Rabelais, Doctor of Chinon, described the birth and education of Gargantua and the Undying.

This encomium may seem exaggerated and hyperbolic, but we are about to let our readers judge for themselves. The astonishing was whose drollery has convulsed (and is still convulsing) us, is, with the true modesty inherent to genius, content with the unprejudiced position of editor of the "Durham County Advertiser"; nay, for aught we know, he may be not even editor of that respectable provincial journal, but simply a correspondent thereof. He has, in either case, described in a recent number of the newspaper in question the solemn ceremonial adopted by the Dean and Chapter of Durham in the "election" of a bishop of that diocese—as followed in the late translation of the Right Reverend Charles Thomas Longley late Bishop of Ripon to the Durham See. Nothing extenuating, and setting down naught in malice, this successor of Rabelais and Swift has narrated the whole particulars of the "most excellent fooling" indulged in prior to the investiture of Doctor Longley with the northern

mitre. With commendable sobriety and freedom from levity of comment are the intricacies, legal and ecclesiastical, of the "Royal Game of Bishop" recorded; yet with such exquisite quaintness and sly humour that the result is one horse—Homeric laugh—such a laugh whose prototype could only have been heard among the Grecian heroes under the walls of Troy after Ulysses had said a good thing, or the great King Agamemnon had made more than an ordinarily successful pun. We would that we were in our power to give this Durham drollery verbatim; but our readers must be satisfied with a *resumé* of the facts, trusting to our honour that where the wit of the north country has been unusually loose, we have not bated an atom of his quaintness.

Dr. Longley having to be "elected" Bishop of Durham, the Demagogue of that city of coals and sneeze-compelling mustard, tells us that in the first instance the Dean and Chapter received a *congé d'elire*, and "letters recommendatory" from her Majesty the Queen, for the "election" of a bishop in lieu of Dr. Maltby. These factitious documents gave the Dean and his merry men a *congé*, or leave to elect—her Majesty's nominee, and "recommended" to them Dr. Longley, who also happens to be the nominee above-named. On the 25th ult., a "Great Chapter" was held, at which a mysterious instrument called a "citation" (something in the old Baden *Vehgericht*, or "Beware of the cord and dagger" style, we presume), was signed by the Dean, and sealed with the official *signet* of the Chapter. Then a joyous ecclesiastic—a dun of the University, doubtless, with a keen appetite for "citations," red mullet, and old port, and bearing the Pantagruelian name of John Baeche Dykes, proceeded to "serve" copies of this "citation" upon such members of the Chapter who happened to be in Durham. So ne of the chapterites, among whom was the chivalrous Bishop of Exeter, didn't happen to be in Durham, whereupon the wary Dykes stuck the "citations" on the doors of their residences, and likewise left copies of them in their prebendal stalls, within the "dim, religious light" of the cathedral. Another copy did the Reverend J. Baeche blythely mix to the door of the cathedral choir, and another to the portal of the Chapter House. Then, on the 1st of November, the Chapter went to business in good earnest. The Reverend Mr. Dykes, who appears, is "Peculator" of the cathedral, made a solemn report of his "citation" campaign, and of how he had "served" those who were within "citation" shot. A remarkable manifesto, called a "Sentence" was then proposed, signed, and sealed. It was, the Durham wit tells us, about the absentees who weren't in Durham to be "served"; and as suppose it was a sort of "Bull *unigenitus*," say, perhaps, fulminated the most dreadful penalties of interdict and excommunication by "bell, book, and candle," against the recalcitrant dignitaries of Durham. The commissary performance being satisfactorily concluded, the *congé d'elire* was (we quote our Durham authority), "supposed to have been read." The supposition, in this case, considering how much *congé d'elire*, or freedom of election there was in the matter, reminds us of the "Marehion ss" in the "Old Curiosity Shop" putting orange peel into water, and "making believe" that it was wine. If you make believe a great deal, she said, it had a very much like sherry. After this "supposing," or "making believe," there was a "solemn conference;" Doctor Longley, who is bishop of Ripon, was elected bishop of Durham; and "the unapproachable humours" of the "County Advertiser," adds—"The election was perfectly unanimous." But the election was not over yet. Five documents had to be written, signed, and sealed. First a return to the Queen, setting forth that in obedience to her Royal recommendation the Right Rev. Charles Thomas Longley, D.D., had been elected bishop of Durham. Next a warrant, by which two proctors, Messrs. Burder and Hudson, were appointed to appear before her Majesty, and exhibit the "result" of the election—we sincerely hope, in a glass case, with a padlock to it. Then a proxy—a pigeon on all your proxies, we almost feel inclined to cry, with Mercurio in "Romeo and Juliet"—was signed and sealed, appointing the much-suffering Messrs. Burder and Hudson to appear before the Bishop elect, and receive his consent to the election! And here our cacematory accompaniment to this exasperating comedy rises into a shriek. *His consent!* We can just realise the notion of the two grave proxy-holders appearing before the Right Rev. Father east of Ripon, and craving his consent to his election to the immense love stores and fisheries of Durham. We can imagine his reply. *Will I consent? Will a duck swim? Will a ferret suck a rabbit? Will a weasel go pop?* And after this there was a sort of anticlimax in the shape of another proxy, authorising B. and H., *arcades ambo*, to appear before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and receive his "confirmation" of the election, and then the proceedings terminated.

We are very well aware that all these nonsensical ceremonies—fitter for a Chinese joss-house than for a Christian temple—are all strictly according to precedent, are not confined to Durham, but are enacted in every chapter-house in England whenever the force of "electing" a bishop has to be gone through. But we cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to that Durham satirist who has been at the pains to give us the *catalogue raisonné* of all these absurd feats of clerical legerdemain. We should much like an "intelligent foreigner" to read the foregoing programme of the "Royal Game of Bishop," and then to endeavour to make him understand that the real course of procedure in episcopal promotion is simply this—that Lord Viscount Palmerston pitches upon the dean or the prelate he chooses best to promote or to translate, and writes him a note expressing his good intentions through the penny post; or, and this is more probable still, that the Noble Viscount meets the Bishop that is to be descending from his cob at the door of the Athenæum Club, and, clapping the Right Reverend Gent. familiarly on the shoulder, says, "Doctor, I've put you down for Durham;" whereupon the Doctor bows, says, "Your Lordship has always, &c., &c., with the great, &c., &c., been good enough to, &c., &c., welfare of the Church," and the Bishoppess Elect of Durham drives off that very afternoon, and inscribes her name in Lady Palmerston's visiting-book.

There is a sage who dwells in Chelsea, undisturbed by the mundane revellies of Cremorne, whom we can imagine reading the droll *Mau of Durham's* paper—reading it with a grim smile, and forthwith relegating it to a pigeon-hole of that vast cabinet where he docketed and tape-tied the facts which hereafter are to form the skeleton for the living philosophy of Thomas Carlyle. The "Bishop" fact may lie by for years; but some of these days there will be a thundering from the regions beyond Sloane Street, and lightning will flash from pamphlets about this "Bosh-Bishop-Queen's minister-choosing, pianoforte-legs-in-black gaiters-and-looped-up shovel-hat SHAM." Louder than "big Ben of Westminster" will "Great Tom of Chelsea" toll; and when he sounds the passing knell of humbugs, may we be there to hear.

### BANKRUPTCY AND BARBARISM.

WE are perfectly ashamed of repeating the trite apothegm that "Truth is strange, stranger than Fiction;" yet remembrance of the saying is irrepressible. For a most marvellous mixture of the wildest romance and the sternest reality has recently evolved out of the proceedings in the Bankruptcy Court in the case of Mr. Mark Boyd. Amid dry details of certificates, assignees, dividends, and unsecured creditors, there suddenly started up an element, combining the romantic and the terrible in an extraordinary degree. A question was raised as to whether the bankrupt's brother, Mr. Benjamin Boyd, was alive or dead. (It will be remembered that this gentleman went on a yachting voyage to the South Sea Islands, and has not since been heard of.) It was stated, in reply, that the fact of Mr. Boyd's death was by no means proved; for that a *skull*, said to be his, and brought to London, had been found to have sound and perfect teeth, whereas the unfortunate gentleman "wore" artificial teeth. There were, consequently, still some grounds for the belief that Mr. Benjamin Boyd was not dead, but was a captive among the natives. Could Mrs. Radcliffe—could Monsieur Sue, have invented anything more melodramatic than this? One brother, beset by "men of tape and quill" in London, interrogated by accountants, examined by commissioners; the other brother wandering perhaps among antipodean savages naked and tattooed, or perhaps loma-hawked, or probably eaten! And all this while shrewd men of business bandy about in musty counting-houses a grinning skull, and speculate as to whose flesh once covered that ghastly relic. Might not the "Basing-hall Street Romance" surpass the "Mysteries of Udolpho" in interest?



## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

**EXISTENT LEGAL AUTHORITIES**, it is said, have given their opinion that no appeal lies from the judgment and sentence of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the case of *Ditcher versus Denison*.

**THE AGED MOTHER OF LIEUTENANT WAGHORN** has just received an official communication informing her that her Majesty the Queen has, on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston, granted her a pension of £50 per annum.

**THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT** has sent Captain Langcake, of the British frigate *Windermere*, a gold medal worth £100 for rescuing the people of the American ship *Hampton* when she was in a sinking state. The medal was presented through the Local Marine Board of Liverpool.

**THE PLAIN MONUMENTAL STRUCTURE** over the vault of the Rogers' family in Harnsey Churchyard, has received an interesting addition to its mortuary inscriptions. It records the date of birth and death of the poet, adding that he was "author of the 'Pleasures of Memory,'" without, however, specifying to what class of literature the work belongs.

**THE QUEEN** has appointed Miss Louisa Gordon to be one of the Maids of Honour in ordinary to her Majesty, in the room of the Hon. Mary Seymour, deceased.

**HACKNEY CARRIAGES** are now permitted to pass through the stable-yard at St. James's Palace, and Buckingham Gate, conveying passengers to and from Piccadilly and Pall Mall, making a difference of 1s. in the hire of a cab as compared with the old road by Piccadilly, to say nothing of the saving of time.

**AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE AMENITIES OF THE GAME LAWS** recently occurred in Devonshire, where a young farmer was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and hard labour, for attempting to catch a hare on land rented by his father!

**THE LATE EARL OF SCARBOROUGH** constituted his cousin and successor to the title, Mr. Richard George Lumley, of Tickhill Castle, his heir; and the new Earl will have the estate at Sandbeck, the Lumley property in Lincolnshire, and the family castle and estates in Durham.

**CHRISTIANIA** has struck a medal in commemoration of the visit to that town of the learned members of the British Association.

A report that the Count de Paris and the Princess Clotilde, eldest daughter of the King of Sardinia, now in her thirteenth year, were to be betrothed, is contradicted.

A **SCHMEE** is on foot to run a line of screw-steamers between Bristol and Australia.

**CONSIDERABLE ACTIVITY** prevails in the ship-building department at Chatham Dockyard, and great exertions are being made in order to have those vessels in course of construction completed as soon as possible.

**THE QUEEN** has created Lord Talbot de Malahide a peer of the United Kingdom by the same style and title which he bears in the peerage of Ireland.

**THREE PERSONS** were crossing the prairies in Illinois last month, when they were overtaken by a fire, and burnt to death.

**THE INSTALLATION OF EARL HOWE** as Provincial Grand Master of the Leicestershire Masonic Lodge will take place on Tuesday, November 18, when the Noble Earl will lay the foundation stone of the new schools in connection with St. John's Church, Stamford.

**REAR-ADMIRAL SIR HOUTON STEWART, K.C.B.**, will, it is generally understood, be offered the West India command, which will become vacant in the course of the month.

**THE FREEDOM OF HAWICK** has been presented to General Simpson.

**COLONEL LAKE (OF KATE)** has been entertained at a public dinner at Grimsby.

**PROFESSOR DRAKE**, the Berlin sculptor, has invented a process to protect marble against all damaging influence of the weather. A liquid is employed, which the marble imbibes without hurt to its appearance. The process has been successful in several trials, but is kept a secret by its inventor.

**MR. E. M. WARD** has returned from Paris with a portfolio of sketches for the great picture "Victoria at the Tomb of Napoleon," commissioned by the Queen. The Emperor and Empress, we understand, are to give the artist sittings in December.

**MR. EDWIN JAMES** has issued an address in the Liberal interest to the electors of Hull.

**THE TOTAL LOSS BY THE WRECK OF THE TAY** is, including personal property estimated at £100,000.

A **LADY OF THE HIGHEST NOBILITY OF PRUSSIA** having applied for a pension lately, was refused by the police, on the ground that ladies were not entitled to any.

**CHOLERA** has appeared at Malta.

**THE KING OF SIAM** has sent the Emperor Napoleon the Order of the Sun, value 100,000l.; to the Empress, pearls and precious stones, value 80,000l.; and to the Prince Napoleon, a sabre, richly set with precious stones, worth 60,000l. The decorations are to be distributed among the Court.

**THE SOCIETY OF ARTS** commences its one hundred and third session on the 15th instant, when Colonel W. H. Sykes, F.R.S., chairman of the council, will deliver his introductory address, and afterwards present the medals awarded during the last session.

**THE EDITORS OF THE PROVINCIAL JOURNALS IN AUSTRIA** have received notice that they are not to discuss the merits of measures which have been spoken of in the official journal.

**THE EARL OF OCKNEY**, who was taken suddenly ill at Templemore last week, pronounced out of danger.

**ONE OF THE LARGEST LANDED PROPRIETORS OF CUBA** is now introducing steam culture upon his estates, for the purpose of superseding horse and slave labour.

**MR. SERJEANT WELLS**, of the Norfolk Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of Bedford.

**THE SUBSCRIPTION** for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Sir H. R. Bishop is progressing, about £150 having been already subscribed in London, besides numerous sums by members of the University of Oxford.

**THE WAR OF PLACARDS** continues in Paris. One is a significant revival—"Le Roi s'amuse," in allusion to the fêtes at Compiegne.

**BY ORDER OF LORD PANMURE** a circular, permitting the employment of soldiers as military clerks, was issued from the Horse Guards on Saturday, and addressed to the general and other officers commanding in the United Kingdom.

A **GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR POTATOS** has been introduced in France, the *Chorophyllum bulbosum*, yielding an abundance of tubers, of from half an ounce to an ounce each, very wholesome, and with a delicate vanilla flavour, containing twenty-one per cent. of starch.

**THE STATUE OF THE DUKE CHARLES DE MECKLENBURG**, father of the late Queen Louise, was stolen a few nights since from the garden at Potsdam. The statue was stolen from the original thief, and both the fellows were discovered through the sale of the metal at a very low price.

**AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY** has been made in a garden near the Piazza del Popolo, Rome. The owner, in digging a well, struck against a solid mass of stone, which, on investigation, turned out to be a colossal bust of Minerva, with the inscription, "Populus Romanus Augusto Imperatori" carved on it. It has been purchased by the Pope for the Vatican Museum.

**THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER**, it is said, contemplates the resignation of his see.

**MR. BRIGHT, M.P.**, left London on Monday, for the Continent, intending, we believe, to spend some months abroad, chiefly in Italy.

**THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ROYAL WILLIAM YARD AT PLYMOUTH**, Captain Nias, has been dismissed on charges preferred against him by Mr. Truitt, storekeeper.

**THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRABANT** took leave of her Majesty at Windsor Castle on Monday, and departed for Ostend.

**THE LARGEST VESSEL** ever seen in Liverpool entered the Mersey from New York last week. She is called the *Ocean Monarch*, and was built by Mr. Webb, of New York. She is 255 feet in length, forty-six feet in breadth, and thirty feet deep in the hold. She is 2,146 tons register, and can easily accommodate 400 passengers.

**THE GOVERNMENT'S BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION** held its quarterly court of governors on Friday week. In addition to the provident income of £20,000 a year, the subscriptions and donations amounted for the past year to £10,260 4s., and the expenditure to £9,779 1s. 8d., leaving a balance of £481 2s. 4d.

**AN ALLIANCE** is said to be projected between Prince Napoleon and Princess Maria Romanoffski, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Leuchtenberg, and niece to the reigning Czar.

A **"GOWN AND TOWN ROW"** broke out at Cambridge, according to custom, on the 5th of November. Several gowndsmen were taken into custody and fined.

**"LE NORO"** unblushingly informs its readers that, with but one exception, every English journal condemns Lord Palmerston for the bellicose tendency of his Manchester address.

A **BRILLIANT SERIES OF PARTIES** is expected to take place at Windsor Castle, and among the guests of her Majesty will be several of the Ministers of State.

**THE BELGIAN CABINET** have resolved to submit to the Chambers a vote for £120,000, to enable them to increase the salaries of the humble functionaries in the employment of the State.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

MONDAY last saw the return of that annual street nuisance—the Lord Mayor's Show. During the middle of the day, from ten in the morning until late in the afternoon, the most thronged thoroughfares of the city are "defended" to the inhabitants, no carriages or vehicles of any description are allowed to pass along them, and the stones are sacred to a certain number of city tradesmen decked in ridiculous gowns, gold chains, and fur caps, a certain number of ridiculous persons called by by-gone names, such as "water-bailiffs' young men," and a bevy of "supers" from Astley's, elegantly and appropriately habited as knights and banner-bearers, and riding the good old cream-coloured circus horses of our childhood. Were the nuisance confined to this silly exhibition, little enough would be said about it; but every eight must have gazers, and the audience for the triumph of the Lord Mayor is composed of the veriest scum of the London population. I have seen a good many London crowds, of every species. Looking back eight or nine years ago, I have recollections of having "assisted" at the noble sport of "ratting" in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, when the celebrated dog—something—killed so many rats in a very limited space of time, and when the company was not the most select; but in the whole course of my experience I never encountered such a set of roughs and blackguards as were wedged into Farringdon Street last Monday afternoon. Whooping, yelling, "bunting" every person who looked in the slightest degree respectable; urging on the frightened oxen and sheep which were standing in droves in the middle of the roadway; banding the coarsest and most obscene jests; fighting, shrieking, and howling, they took possession of the entire thoroughfare, and set law and order at defiance. I saw an old gentleman knocked down and trampled on by these ruffians, and but for the exertions of a friendly cab driver, who helped me to extricate him, he would have been killed, no policeman being to be seen. I saw hats and sticks flying in the air, an Irish lady "combing the hair" of a lad with a three-legged stool which had evidently been hired out as a stand during the show, and blood flowing from many faces; in fact, all what Mr. Wright would call the "concomitants" of a Donnybrook Fair row, without either the wit or the pluck there generally manifested. How much longer are we to stand the nuisance? For how much longer shall you abuse our patience, O Lord Mayors and Aldermen! O talkers of bad English and administrators of ridiculous justice! O stuffers and swillers! O employers of Astley knights and circus chargers! O tipsel and sham state and magnificence from beginning to end? From first to last are you a nuisance, and a bore, and an intrusion, and a humbug. I recollect, last year, while the bombardment of Sebastopol was going on, and we were all expecting the news of its fall, the City bells suddenly rang out a joyous peal. Every man congratulated his neighbour—we were all certain the event upon which the destinies of Europe depended had taken place; we sent out to inquire, and found—that Mr. Eggleton, the grocer of Newgate Street, had been elected an alderman! The laughing-stock of foreigners and the shame of your own country in general, and London in particular, when shall ye be swept away? When shall we have a local government in which talent is preferred to riches, and a clear brain to a large stomach?

Mr. Thackeray has commenced his lectures upon the "Four Georges" at Glasgow, and at his very outset, it seems, has given some offence to our Scotch brethren. It appears that while moralising in a somewhat cynical manner upon the conjugal state, and the numerous examples handed down to us of the disagements of married couples whose names are great in history, the lecturer took occasion to quote, among others, the uncomfortable ménage of Mary Queen of Scots and Darnley, when he was assailed by a storm of disapprobation from a large number of his audience. Of course the well-thinking, unprejudiced people held well by him, and there has been no evil result as regards the number of his hearers; but I understand the unfortunate allusion has done him a great deal of harm among certain classes.

I have received a pamphlet from everybody's old friend, Mr. George Cruikshank, setting forth the delinquencies of one Mr. Howell, who, it appears, under plausible but fallacious pretences, deceived the eminent caricaturist into becoming trustee, and very nearly chairman, of a bubble company, called the "General Industry Life and Fire Assurance and Sick Fund Friendly Society." I do not suppose the world in general is interested particularly about friend George's private matters, of how he met Howell, and what he said to him, &c. &c.; nor is the correspondence that passed between them, as quoted in the pamphlet, of either an amusing or edifying character. Suffice it to say that he has exposed the trick, and that in the following paragraph he hints at a plan, which, if carried out by more practical men, might prove an effectual check to fraud:—

"Dishonesty seems unfortunately, to have prevailed lately to an alarming extent; and it may be that the commercial and financial world must, more or less, every now and then be subject to such convulsions, which no reasonable amount of care and caution on the part of the honest and respectable members of society, or any enactments of the Legislature, can altogether prevent, or the law do more than punish the offender; but, in a matter like this which I am now writing about, the remedy seems more simple. In my opinion, a strong check might be put upon such dishonest schemes. At any rate, I pledge myself to use my best interest to endeavour, in the next session of Parliament, to get such an Act passed as will make it a criminal offence to use the name of any person without their knowledge, or without their consent in writing; for such practices, particularly in these company-forming times, is fraught with great danger, and perhaps ruinous consequences to individuals, as well as serious injury to the public at large; and I would, therefore, respectfully call upon all those noblemen and gentlemen whose names have been used most unjustly upon this occasion, and also upon the press, to aid me in the attempt to obtain such a law as may possibly prevent in future dishonest and unprincipled men from posing upon the public with schemes like this of J. W. Howell's bubble, which, although I may have been so far entrapped into by a system of gross but plausible falsehoods, as to allow my name to be used in connection with this 'General Industry Life Assurance' bubble, at the same time I have, nevertheless, had the infinite pleasure and gratification of bursting, and thus saving, perhaps, from serious fraud and injury, many of that humble class of persons whom I had hoped this proposed society would have largely benefited."

Your readers will sympathise with Mr. Dickens, a dramatic version of whose "Little Dorrit," has just been produced at the Strand Theatre. It is well known that nothing is more annoying to him, naturally enough, than to have his plot involved, his denouement anticipated, and the legitimate effect of every character marred by some limping hack, who can have no possible knowledge of what lies stored in the brain of the originator of the story. Readers of "Nicholas Nickleby" will recollect how strongly Mr. Dickens has therein enunciated his sentiments on this point.

## THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

SALLE VOUSDEN.

A ROOM in Oxford Street, a few doors west of the Regent Circus, on the left hand side of the way, and I believe the original *locale* where Doctor Kahn exhibited his anatomical museum, has been very prettily decorated, and opened by a Mr. Vousden, a gentleman self-styled "the great Poly-narrative mimic," who has been a great favourite in Dublin for some considerable time past. Mr. Vousden's entertainment is somewhat similar to that of Mr. Woodin; he per-orates a German broom-girl, a French dancing-master, a Yankee, an Irish car-driver, and an English sailor; he changes his dress with remarkable rapidity, but—his voice never alters. His German, and French, and Yankee characters all have the same indomitable Irish brogue, and all talk much in the same style. The writing of the monologue too is dull in the extreme, and Mr. Vousden is evidently altogether behind the age. His French dancing-master is wigged and bearded, and tightly pantalooned, after the models which Cruikshank drew five-and-twenty years ago, and talks much in the language of those balloons which the odd caricaturist places in the mouths of his characters. We have learned by this time that our allies do not pronounce the word "gentlemen" as "shontlemans," and that their favourite oath is not "By gar!"

Mr. Vousden has, however, the capabilities for successfully carrying out an entertainment of this kind, could he have a monologue written for him by an experienced person; he dances admirably, and sings with a sweet, though small, voice.

The Court Theatricals will commence at Windsor Castle on Thursday next. The first play performed will be the "School for Scandal."

## DEATH OF PAUL DELAROCHE.

FRANCAERT has lost a distinguished professor—Paul Delaroche. He died quite unexpectedly on Tuesday week. During the day he had been conversing with M. Horace Vernet, his father-in-law, with M. Goupil, and with one of his medical attendants. Having just desired his servant to take back to his tailor some articles of dress to be altered—he was sitting in his arm-chair—suddenly, without the slightest movement, without a sigh, he bent his head and expired. The immediate cause of dissolution was an affection of the heart. Paul Delaroche was born at Paris in 1797. He studied under Gros, who had been a pupil of David, and he had occupied a prominent position in French art since 1822. The death of Delaroche says the "Daily News" is a great loss to the French school. Indeed, since 1837 he had exhibited nothing, and latterly he had retired altogether from the world. First he closed his studio, and then he declined to exhibit his pictures. He took no part in the Exhibition of 1855. At length he withdrew entirely to the circle of his relations—lived with his two children and his most intimate friends, and devoted to his art whatever time the incurable disease with which he was afflicted allowed him. Yet during this period of seclusion he produced works which, we are assured, equal, if they do not surpass, those which have attained to notoriety. Among these are mentioned, "Marie Antoinette before the Revolutionary Tribunal," a "Descent from the Cross," and "The Last Banquet of the Girondins." He has a "Descent from the Cross," powers, with a reputation not only French but European. He leaves the world which he has delighted with his genius, full of well-earned honours, and will be remembered by posterity as one of the most original painters of the day.

**TURNER'S PICTURES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.**—The following twenty pictures by the late Mr. Turner are exhibited at Marlborough House:—Moonlight, a study at Millbank; View in Wales; View on Clapham Common; "Shipwreck; Greenwich Hospital; Abingdon, Berkshire; Cottage destroyed by an Avalanche; Bligh Sand, near Sheerness—Fishing-boats trawling—the above pictures are the Turner's first style, and were executed between the years 1797 and 1815; "The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire"—this work belongs to his imitations of Claude; "The Bay of Baie; View of Orvieto;" "Child Harold's Pilgrimage—Italy;" "Apollo and Daphne;" "Phryne going to the public Bath, as Venus;" "The Fighting Temeraire" tugged to her last berth; Agrippina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus—the seven last pictures belong to his second style, and were painted between 1817 and 1839; Venice—the Bridge of Sighs; The Burial of Wilkie; The "Sun of Venice" going to Sea; Approach to Venice. The last four works illustrate the more extravagant manner of his latest period. The pictures marked thus\* are of large dimensions, and are among Turner's greatest works.

**THE HANDEL CELEBRATION OF 1859.**—The subject of a great musical celebration of the centenary of Handel's death, in 1859, has already occupied considerable attention. In order to demonstrate the capabilities of the Crystal Palace for this purpose, arrangements have been concluded between the Sacred Harmonic Society and the directors of the Crystal Palace Company for undertaking, in May next, in the central transept, a preliminary Grand Handel Festival or Congress with a carefully selected orchestra of the unprecedented extent of 2,300 performers.

**FROM GUILDHALL TO THE HOUSE OF PEERS.**—The late Mr. Thomas Moule, the genealogist, has observed that "the ennobled families of Cornwallis, Capel, Coventry, Legge, Cowper, Thynne, Ward, Craven, Marsham, Pulteney, Hill, Holles, Osborne, Cavendish, B. Bennett, and others, have sprung either directly or collaterally from those who have been either mayors, sheriffs, or aldermen of London; and a very large portion of the Peerage of the United Kingdom is related, either by descent or intermarriage, with the citizens of the metropolis."

**MR. SPURGEON.**—This gentleman says the "Herald" intends trying his fortune again at the Surrey Gardens. He will preach there on Sunday, the 23rd of November, and on the following Sunday, on these occasions taking the mornings instead of evenings, supposing that in the early part of the day there will not be such a rush of persons anxious to hear him. The members of his own congregation and his friends are to be admitted by tickets, and the doors are to be thrown open to the public at half past ten o'clock. Mr. Superintendent Lund intends having a strong body of police in attendance, so that every precaution may be taken for the prevention of such a melancholy catastrophe as marked Mr. Spurgeon's last appearance in the music hall.

**ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.**—We understand that an expedition will be prepared forthwith, to proceed in search of further traces of Sir John Franklin's party, via "Enderby's Straits." The command will, it is said, be conferred upon Captain George H. Richards, who has rendered good service in previous Arctic searches.

**FAUSTIN DEFENDED.**—Baron Damier, the Hyatian ambassador in this country, writes to the papers in reply to some aspersions on his country by the "Démocrat," which insinuated that "Hayti was comparative yindifferent to the cause of negro advancement." "The condition of Hayti is such as to command respect. She is a State duly organised, and not only progressing but strenuously and unflinchingly exerting herself to attain that height of civilisation already reached by the other nations of the world. Her government is a enlightened one. Every unprejudiced and candid foreigner who visits our country is delighted to render it justice, and to acknowledge that the chief to whom it has conferred its mission, my august sovereign, the Emperor Faustin I., is fully competent to fulfil his mission, that he has effected wonders for the amelioration and prosperity of the country, and that he has nothing more at heart than to satisfy to the utmost the aspirations of all who are interested in the future of the black race."

## THE BAY OF NAPLES.

WHILE the fleets of England and France are hovering about Naples, as birds of prey about their destined victims ready, as we would fain believe, to prevent a worthless King from perpetrating further atrocities against humanity and civilisation, our readers will naturally feel interested in those places in the neighbourhood of his capital, which have been celebrated by poets, historians, and travellers.

Between the Island of Capri and the southern shore of the Bay, is a channel, which forms one of the entrances to Naples. This passage the Neapolitan Government is preparing to fortify, by erecting strong forts on both sides. The island, from its peculiar formation, is capable of being rendered almost impregnable; and, from its position, must become a point of the greatest importance in the event of any operations against Naples. It is this entrance to the Bay which our engraving represents.

With all the disadvantages of Naples in other respects, there is not, perhaps, in the wide world, any place that can boast of more picturesque beauty than the capital of those dominions cursed with the tyranny of Bomba. Most people who have travelled in Italy will confess to have felt that there hovers around Naples a certain indescribable, unearthly beauty, which justifies, as it were, the poetic idea of the place being "a fragment of heaven dropped upon the earth."

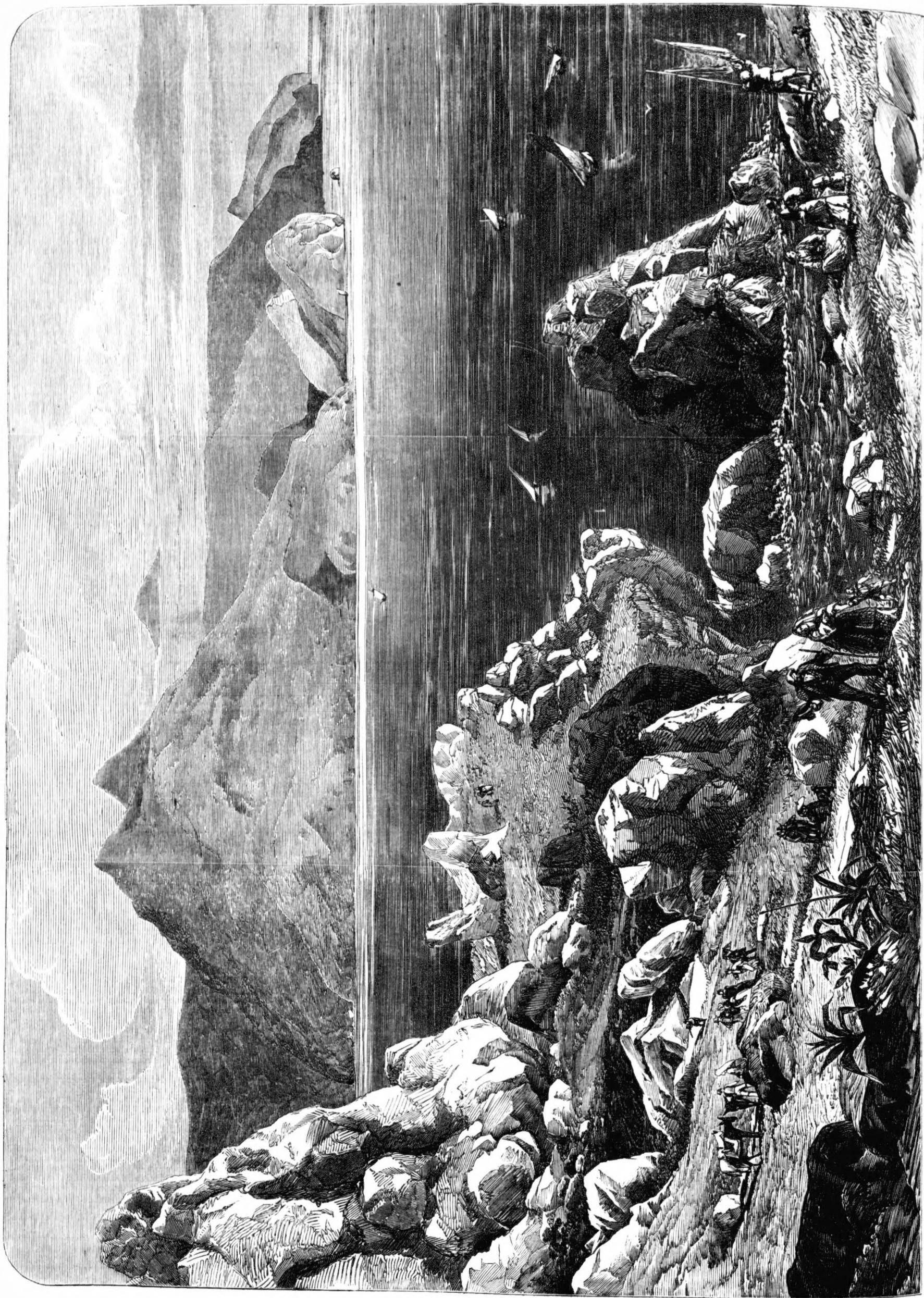
No scene, of which we have any recollection, can compare with that presented to the eye of the traveller, who approaches Naples by sea on a fine summer day, when he enters the magnificent Bay, whose beauty all confess. The azure sky above—the waters, "so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," below—the boats, barges, and steamers glittering in the sun—islands clothed in the softest purple looming in the distance—the headland of Miseno, with that lofty tower which marks the entrance—Ischia, with its white turrets rising among olive groves—Capri, standing at the entrance like a huge breaker—Baia, bright and beautiful, on the left; Vesuvius, towering to the sky, on the right, and the city itself reposing on the margin of the water, remind one of the scenes associated in imagination with fairy land.

The Bay of Naples is, as our readers may be aware, a semicircular inlet of the Mediterranean, twenty-two miles in length, and ten in breadth. Gliding along the coast, and catching a glimpse of Mount Vesuvius, we pass the promontories of Sorrento and Miseno. The Bay then opens before us like a vast amphitheatre, bounded by the city and a long range of volcanic mountains. The city of Naples rests in the hollow of the curve, on the margin of the water, in the form of a semicircle, and gradually spreads itself backward over the acclivity, that is crowned with the castle of St. Elmo. Many of the buildings presented to the eye are large and elegant; and the streets rise one above another, interspersed with trees and gardens. The palace, the Nuovo Castello, and other castellated buildings, the stuccoed houses and splendid churches, are when viewed from the Bay, particularly striking; and the villas, scattered amid green foliage, give variety to the picturesque landscape.

Well, indeed, when seeking poetic inspiration in such a scene as this might Rogers exclaim,

"This region, surely, is not of the earth.  
Was it not dropped from Heaven? Not a grove,  
Citron or pine, or cedar—not a grot,  
Sewn and mantled with the gadding vine,  
But breathes enchantment; not a cliff but fings  
On the clear wave some image of delight,  
Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,  
Some ruined temple or fallen monument,  
To muse on as the bark is gliding by."









THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW-KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR.



## LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

A PROVERB declares that "threatened men live long," and the principle holds equally good of the Lord Mayor's show. After all the demands that have been made for its suppression, sometimes in the name of charity and sometimes as a concession due to what is assumed to be the spirit of the age, the Lord Mayor's Show of Monday last was seen in more than its usual glory, and appeared less likely to be the last of the series than many which had gone before it.

The officials of the Mansion House were early astir. Footmen, beef-eaters, watermen, pages, and men in armour, were all anxiety upon the momentous point—the weather. The day broke clear and fine, putting everybody in the best of humours; but ere breakfast was disposed of there were indications of rain and fog. The alarm was scarcely more than momentary; but, alas! the rain fell in sufficient quantities to render the streets greasy and disagreeable to the lackeys who figured in the procession about, glorious in thin shoes and pink stockings.

Breakfast disposed of, the Lord Mayor, attended by a retinue of official personages, including the Sheriffs, Recorder, Common Sergeant, City Chamberlain, Town Clerk, Mace-bearer, Sword-bearer, and Common Crier, repaired to the Council Chamber of the Court of Aldermen, where the ceremony of swearing in and investing his Lordship with the insignia of office was gone through, in accordance with ancient custom. While this ceremony was proceeding, the City Marshals and police authorities were busy outside in Guildhall Yard putting matters in order, and giving the necessary directions to the "property men" for insuring an artistic disposition of the characters, scenes, and incidents to be illustrated by the show. It had already been announced that the preparations in that respect were upon an unusually extensive scale; while, in order that the City should have its full share of the sight, the route this year was perseveringly circuitous. Certainly the nearest way from Guildhall to Westminster can hardly be said to be through Leadenhall Street, the Minories, and over Tower Hill; but there were reasons for following that course. The Lord Mayor represents Tower Ward in the Court of Aldermen, and possibly a well-known establishment in Leadenhall Street was, from its relation to one of the Sheriffs, supposed to possess a claim to consideration.

Soon after eleven o'clock a flourish of trumpets at the entrance to Guildhall announced to the citizens that the Lord Mayor was about to ascend his state coach and betake himself to the Court of Exchequer. The venerable equipage had been furnished up for the day, wearing the appearance of "crabbed age" in the gay garments of youth; and the horses, which had been put through their preliminary paces on Saturday, looked as fat and jolly as the stout whip who "tooled" them beneath a weight of gorgeous lace and an awfully civic bouquet. The other parts of the procession had already been formed and put in motion, and Thomas Quoted Finnis, Esq., alderman and bowyer, was ready to triumph, both by land and water.

The procession was much like former processions. First, came the representatives of law and order in the persons of "police constables to clear the way," followed by drummers, fliers, trumpeters, and other warlike persons. After these, and the boys of the Royal Marine Society, came a gorgeous procession of Watermen, bearing the banners of the several livery companies of the City. We can hardly enumerate the banners or the companies; suffice it that some fourteen corporations were represented, and that they were heralded by the banner of the arms of the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers, the badge of the Bowyer's Company gallantly bringing up the rear. But the worshipful companies did not have all the banners to themselves. Here and there in the flaunting throng, the banner of the arms of Mr. Sheriff Meech, of Mr. Sheriff Keats, of various aldermen and other authorities, waved in the wind; together with the Royal standard and the Union Jack!

After the flags came the allegorical and chivalric part of the procession. It was introduced in a modest and practical way by a Traction Engine and Endless Railway, especially adapted for agricultural purposes, drawn by six horses; a Prize Reaping Machine, in a car decorated with agricultural produce, from Tiptree Hall Farm, drawn by four horses; Steam Plough, drawn by two horses. Then a Ship, dressed and manned, came sailing in (on a car drawn by six horses); and after that, the Chivalry. No less than twelve Knights, armed *cap-a-pie* and mounted on chargers, rode along the thronged, though modern, thoroughfare. And gracefully their barbs curvetted; proudly did they (the barbs) champ the bit; and many a bright eye glanced smiling from the balconies, when a cavalier more gorgeous, more curly, more rouged than another, fiercely checking his steed in its playful career, would still more fiercely perform an Astleian act of equitation. Twelve Esquires, also on horseback and in full armour, preceded each the Knight his master, bearing the banner of the House he served. This knightly pageant was brought up by a squadron of Light Dragoons, the Lord Mayor's Beadle and his Bargemaster, garnished with a few Trumpeters, an Under City Marshal, &c., &c.

Nothing more remarkable than the City Remembrancer now presented itself, until, heralded by trumpeters, the Sheriffs in their state chariots were despatched. And then came the Lord Mayor in the Lord Mayor's coach, preceded by the band of the Life Guards, the Upper City Marshal, the Gentlemen of my Lord's household, and attended by the Chaplain, Sword-bearer, &c. And so, with a Guard of Honour, the procession closed.

As to the popularity of the show, a successful hit may be said to have been made. The feature was the agricultural portion. Mr. Boydell's immense traction engine and endless railway looked an unwieldy affair, and its merits not being self-apparent at a hurried glance, the magnificent gray plough-horses harnessed to it engrossed the largest share of attention. The apparatus appeared to be in motion. The endless railway was succeeded by a gigantic car, drawn by four splendid horses, towering high over the heads of the mounted police, and decorated with agricultural produce from the celebrated Tiptree Hall farm. This produce consisted of sheaves of rich-looking wheat, trusses of hay, huge turnips, carrots, potatoes, and mangold-wurzel. The approach of this remarkable combination of nature's products and man's ingenuity, was hailed with shouts of applause and expressions of wonder. The car contained also one of Burgess and Key's patent reaping machines; but the ingenuity and utility displayed in this meritorious object were lost in the general admiration of the turnips and mangold-wurzel.

The following was the route taken by the procession:—From King Street through Gresham Street, Princes Street, Cornhill, Leadenhall Street, Aldgate, Minories, Postern Row, Tower Hill, Tower Street, Eastcheap, to London Bridge. The Sheriffs, the ex-Lord Mayor, and the Lord Mayor were well received. Flags and banners were plentifully exhibited from shops in Leadenhall Street and the Minories.

At London Bridge the Lord Mayor embarked in the state barge. The progress upon the river was not seen with equal advantage as the movements on land, for a few strokes of the crimson-bedecked bargemen carried the barque considerably into the depths of a true November mist. The day was cold; but all the bridges from London Bridge to Westminster were choked up with applauding sight-seers.

Arrived at Westminster Bridge, his Lordship disembarked, and a procession on foot having been formed, the civic dignitaries repaired without delay to the Court of Exchequer, where the Barons, robed in the costume peculiar to the day, received them.

The Recorder introduced the new Lord Mayor to the Learned Judges in a speech, in which he dwelt upon his commercial enterprise and integrity, and announcing that he came there to claim, on behalf of the citizens of London, those liberties and privileges to which they were from time immemorial entitled.

The Chief Baron congratulated the Lord Mayor in a complimentary speech.

The usual oaths were then administered, and the Recorder, by command of the Lord Mayor, invited their Lordships to the banquet at Guildhall.

The visits to the Courts of Law having been completed, the procession then re-formed, returned to the barge, and was rowed back to Blackfriars Bridge, where a disembarkation took place, and the procession, augmented by the carriages of the Lady Mayoress, the Ambassadors, her Majesty's Ministers of State, the Nobility, Judges, Members of Parliament, and other persons of distinction invited to the banquet, passed through New Bridge Street, Ludgate Hill, Ludgate Street, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside, and King Street, to Guildhall.

## THE CIVIC BANQUET.

The banquet took place in the Guildhall, which had been as usual decorated for the occasion. Among the persons present were:—The Duke of Cambridge, the Brazilian Minister, the Peruvian Minister, the Mexican *Chargé d'Affaires*, Viscount Palmerston, the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Harrowby, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Panmure, Sir B. Hall, Bart., M.P., Mr. A. Stafford, M.P., Sir W. F. Williams of Kars, M.P., Mr. Justice Haliburton (Sam Slick), and the usual civic and legal notables.

Shortly before seven o'clock, the Lord Mayor, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Foreign Ministers, Lord Palmerston, and the principal guests, took their seats on the dais. The Lord Mayor presided, having on his right the Duke of Cambridge and the late Lord Mayor, and on his left the Lady Mayoress and Mrs. Salomons.

After dinner, the Lord Mayor pledged his guests in a loving cup, and wished them all a hearty welcome.

The health of her Majesty, of the Prince Consort, and of the other members of the Royal Family, having been drunk, the Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Duke of Cambridge.

His Royal Highness replied that he was much flattered by the toast; remarking, in the course of his speech, that in undertaking his present duties as Commander-in-Chief, he was quite aware that very much would be expected of him; but it had ever been, and would ever continue to be, his earnest and anxious desire to do his duty by his country; and he trusted that when, at some future period, he should have to resign that post, or to retire from it, the consciousness of having performed his duty, and the good opinion and kind feeling of his fellow-countrymen, would aid him. The best reward of the soldier was to be assured of the kind feeling of his fellow-countrymen; and as England had exhibited so much of that feeling, he, as the representative of the army, felt grateful.

"The Army and Navy" were next toasted, and then the Lord Mayor gave the most important toast of the evening, "Her Majesty's Ministers." Lord Palmerston, who was received with loud cheering, rose and said—

"For myself and for my colleagues, I beg you to accept our most sincere thanks for the honour you have done us. I can assure you that the goodwill—I trust I may say the approbation—of our fellow-countrymen, must always be the greatest encouragement and reward of those who are charged with the conduct of public affairs. You, my Lord Mayor, have adverted to the events of the late war, and to the peace which has followed. At the commencement of the present year, this country possessed the finest army and the most magnificent fleet that were ever engaged in defending the honour and the rights of England. The spirit of the people was roused to as high a pitch as was ever witnessed in this country. There was every prospect that, if the war had continued, future successes would have been obtained, equal at all events to those which had crowned the armies of the Allies; but when we found that we could obtain by negotiation terms of peace which would satisfy our just demands, and which would secure the future peace and independence of Europe, we thought it our duty to sheathe the sword, and, in conjunction with our Allies, to put an end to the hostilities which were at the time in progress. We were convinced that the people of England would willingly forego the prospect of future military and naval glory when they were assured that the objects of the war had been substantially accomplished. It now remains that the conditions of the peace shall be faithfully executed—and (prolonged cheering)—and honourably observed—and (renewed and continued cheers)—and then I trust that the peace of Europe will be placed upon a secure and permanent foundation. (Cheers.) The Lord Mayor has adverted to a visit which I have just made to the manufacturing districts of this country. It is indeed most gratifying to those who are charged with the conduct of public affairs to witness everywhere the industry, the enterprise, I will say the genius, of the people of this land—to see upon what secure foundations the prosperity of the empire rests, and to augur from the glorious present the future increasing progress of the wealth, the power, and the prosperity of our common country. I can only express my fervent wish that this great city, which is, I may say, the centre of the commercial wealth and enterprise of the world, which regulates the commercial affairs of almost every country on the face of the earth, may continue for the future to flourish as it has done in the past; that it may continue to be the heart—for so it may be termed—of this great country, and that it may not only contribute to the wealth and prosperity of England, but that it may tend to promote the blessings of peace and civilisation in every country of the habitable globe." (Cheers.)

The Duke of Cambridge now gave the health of the Lord Mayor, who briefly returned thanks, observing that the maintenance of cordial relations with foreign states was the wish of every Englishman, and was most conducive to the happiness and prosperity of England. He gave the health of the Ministers of Foreign States who were present, especially mentioning the Minister of Brazil.

The Brazilian Minister responded; but as neither his Excellency's speech, nor those which followed other toasts—to the Houses of Parliament, to the Judges, the Sheriffs, the City Members, &c.—contained any matter of public interest, we are spared devoting any further space to Lord Mayor's Day of 1856.

**THE CRIMEAN BOARD OF INQUIRY.**—Colonel Tulloch, we hear, is preparing a reply, in the shape of a pamphlet, to the report of the Board of General Officers who recently assembled at Chelsea Hospital to inquire into the several points contained in that officer's and Sir John M'Neill's report on the management of the army in the Crimea, when it is expected some startling facts will be disclosed.

**THE BRITISH BANK.**—It is stated, with regard to the liquidation of the Royal British Bank, that the official manager in Chancery has now proved a very considerable portion of the debts due to the depositors and other creditors. A report is current that a dividend at the rate of at least 4s. in the pound will be forthwith declared.

**A RIGHT-OF-WAY DISPUTE.**—There is a right-of-way dispute at Kennington. A gentleman has built a wall to enclose his own property, thereby blocking up the hitherto free communication from Walworth to Kennington Park, and rendering totally useless the Doddington Grove entrance to the Surrey Gardens. Great excitement has consequently been created in the locality, and a portion of the wall, to the extent of forty-six feet, being forcibly thrown down at night, and the aid of a strong body of the police required to prevent further violence. The wall has been rebuilt and litigation is threatened.

**THE POOR LAW COMMISSIONERS AND THE MARYLEBONE BOARD OF GUARDIANS.**—At the Marylebone Board of Guardians on Friday week, there was a rather stormy discussion as to the resignation of the master. The Poor Law Board voted to know what steps had been taken to fill the vacancy. The Rector moved "That the Poor Law Board be informed, in reply, that the guardians had the resignation of the master still under consideration, and had come to no decision with respect to it." After some discussion, the motion was carried by ten to five.

**GREAT FIRES.**—A very destructive fire broke out in St. Martin's Lane on Sunday morning. It commenced in the factory of Messrs. Almond and Co., army and navy tailors. This building and six others were burned down, while seven or eight more were injured. A fire, also attended with a serious loss of property, happened on the same morning in the Upper Street, Islington. The premises and stock of Mr. Hewitson, a shoe factor, and of Mr. Liddle, a stationer, were almost entirely consumed. On Saturday morning, some excitement was created in Westminster by the raging of a fire from the chimney of the remaining workshops of Messrs. Broadwood's pianoforte manufactory, Holywell Street, Westminster. Owing to the timely arrival of Messrs. Broadwood's engine, the flames were extinguished, but not until considerable damage was done by water to the valuable stock.

**THE BANKRUPTCY OF FOX AND HENDERSON.**—A meeting of the creditors of Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Co., who suspended on the 29th ult., has been held at Birmingham, when a statement was submitted by Mr. Coleman, the accountant, showing the uncovered liabilities of the firm to be £114,000, while the assets are put at £121,700. The meeting was very fully attended, and a resolution was unanimously adopted for the estate to be administered under a deed of inspection. Messrs. Glyn and Co. are among the creditors fully secured, but they have intimated that, instead of paying themselves at once by forced sales, they will wait for favourable opportunities. Baron Hambro, also a considerable creditor, is acting in a similar spirit.

**A COMMERCIAL DEFAULTER ABROAD.**—A letter from Königsberg says:—"M. Meyer, of Tilsit, head of the house of Lowenberg and Meyer, absconded a few days back, leaving liabilities to the amount of more than 200,000 thalers, and after having discounted at the Bank of Tilsit bills for more than 55,000 thalers, bearing forged endorsements. He was arrested within a few miles of the Russian frontier."

**ILLNESS OF PRINCE LEININGEN.**—The usual parade of the troops in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, which was to have taken place on Monday morning, was counted mand in consequence of the alarming accounts which had been received of his Serene Highness Prince Leiningen, half-brother to her Majesty. All invitations also to the Castle were cancelled.

**THE FRENCH SCREW STEAMER LA FRANCE.**—The second of the Marseilles line to the Brazils, was completely destroyed by fire at Bahia on the 22nd of September. *La France* was of 2,200 tons burden. No lives were lost. The ship is understood to be insured for 1,300,000.

## Literature.

*Pictures of Travel (Reisebilder).* Translated from the German of HENRY HEINE, by CHARLES G. LELAND. Philadelphia: J. Week. London: Trübner and Co.

THAT well-known Representative Man, the General Reader, has his temper tried, and his sagacity put upon the stretch, by two sorts of names prominent in current literature—names of writers of whom it seems he is never to hear the last, and names of writers of whom it seems he is hearing a good deal for the first time; without being able in either case to measure the weight which ought to attach to them. Thousands who do not like to speak up, for fear of betraying ignorance, daily exclaim to themselves, "Who is this Goethe, that he should be always thrusting himself under our notice? We wish he were done with!" And some scores, perhaps a few hundreds, are now asking in an undertone, "Who is this Heine, that he should have suddenly become the fashion? We wish we could hear something about him." Well, the visible, tangible, mortal Heine was latterly one of the most suffering of suffering men; the invisible, intangible, deathless Heine was not the greatest, but the most original, fantastic, bewildering spirit ever sent down to Germany by the gods, and the most influential on the national intellect of his day. So much in general terms; many particulars we shall gather in turning over the leaves of Mr. Leland's translation of this book, which forms the first volume of the handsome American reprint, in German, of Heine's works.

On opening the volume, we pause over the frontispiece—a portrait of the poet asleep. The sleep is evidently of that kind which waits, not upon natural fatigue, but upon exhaustion from agony. The eyes are only half-closed, as sometimes happens with children, often with corpses, but seldom with healthy adults. The face is in profile, rested upon the hand; and from the inner corner of the darkly-shadowed eye, a deep line of pain indents the cheek downwards. Look at the features at a distance of about three feet (supposing your eyes are good), and you will be touched with a mournful horror at the intense expression of suffering which hangs over them. But, with all this, there are firmness, courage, intelligence, delicacy, and kindness in the outline; and no one could be surprised to hear that this face belonged to a man who, racked by a spinal complaint, which left him as little rest as the live cherubim, and as little power of motion as the carved imitations, studied the pathology of his own complaint that he might "deliver lectures in Heaven upon the ignorance of earthly physicians," who flung roses at fate, and gathered sweets as well as bitterness from the cruel dalliance of torture; who kept his beloved mother for years in absolute ignorance of his sufferings—sufferings, indeed, so great, that, as he most touchingly said, "no mother could believe she had a son so hopelessly wretched as he."

A second glance at the portrait will disclose that there is a good deal of unconquerable devil in this countenance, a lack of reverential expression; and, also, that the forehead has the same peculiarity as our own Hood's—a reversed pyramid in the centre; while the eye is even fuller than his. It may also strike you that the intellect of this unfortunate man was probably deficient in concentration. There is obviously little animation proper, though the temperament is delicately sensuous, and the brows have the elevation which uniformly marks the poetic head. If you have faith in Gall and Spurzheim, and show the sketch to a phrenologist, he will no doubt tell you firmness, destructiveness, and benevolence are strongly marked, while Veneration is deficient; Comparison, Ideality, Language, Wit, all large—that the head does indeed resemble Hood's, but that there is altogether more power, and a genius of a much wider sweep. This man, he will tell you, would employ his Comparison and Language for other things than punning, though he could be a fine punster. His power of illustration will be enormous; his employment of simile and metaphor profuse; his transitions rapid and startling; his literary *manière d'écrire* altogether wanting in reticence. Here is a man of genius who will not once sacrifice his own individuality, his trick of style, his most wayward fancy, to his theme; he will show little of "the retarding art," he will blend himself, and his theme, and his strange fancies, into a whole whose very wildness will enter into its homogeneity, and which will leave you no choice but to admire and be grateful. Take the things the gods provide you, and if you find the hottest of curry lurking in honey of Hybla, and are bewildered between snacking your lips and wiping your wincing, watering eyes, you will at least say that the feast is unique, that there is no Heine but Heine, and he is his own prophet!

In proceeding, then, to read these "Pictures of Travel" of a great original genius—one of the most remarkable men of our own age, or any other, has ever produced—you know pretty well what to expect. You will have the writing of a poet, an observer, a humourist, a satirist, a critic of wide range, without reticence, without reverence, and often without mercy. Pathos and humour will meet in the most out-of-the-way corners of his writing—sometimes kissing each other in a way which brings tears into your eyes, and not unfrequently scratching each other's faces in a way which makes you rather angry. Both your self-complacency and your satisfaction with your own *entourage*, moral and other, will receive many a shock—for your good, unless you are a miserable weakling. And, fortunately, such unseemly things as may make your religious feelings faint to stop their ears for the time (you will find them, we regret to say), seem so evidently said out of the mere audacity of the holiday spirits of genius, that you will not—unless, again, you are a miserable weakling—be damaged by them. This man is plainly a gipsy, look at him how you will; he is not "born under the law" at all; moral self-consciousness is no part of his nature; and, indeed, you will conclude there is a serious defect in his *morale*, when you find that Napoleon was a god of his idolatry (as of Byron's, whom Heine much resembled). Nor will you fail to suspect that either his faculties or his cultivation were somewhere very defective, when you discover that he called Walter Scott the greatest poet of his day, in the teeth of his own appreciation of Byron! We presume no one in England doubts that Byron is as much superior to Scott as Scott is to Aytoun.

If, in reading Heine ever so casually, you are constantly reminded of "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey," it is only as Sterne might remind you of Rabelais, or Fielding of Cervantes; but, unfortunately for your literary taste, you cannot, if you are cursed with a memory, help noticing what a *crib* Heine has been to small fry of all sorts and sizes. The more we dig into German literature, the more we find it has been feloniously dealt with by "snappers up," from Coleridge to Snooks. From Heine we shall not multiply small illustrations, but shall produce one or two too glaring to escape observation—

HEINE, "IDEAS," PAGE 216.

"Solitary and alone stood the knight by the statue of the Læocoon; his own face was not less convulsed and deadly pale. Unconsciously he tore away the roses from the rose-tree—yes, he plucked even the young buds. Since that hour the rose-tree never bore another floweret! Far in the distance sang an insane nightingale; the willows whispered in agony; mournfully murmured the cool waves of the Brenta; night rose on high with the moon and stars—and one star, the loveliest of all, fell adown from heaven!"

LONGFELLOW, "HYPERION," BOOK II., C. 9.

"The evening shadows were falling broad and long, and the cuckoo began to sing. . . . Calmly stood the mountain of All Saints in its majestic, holy stillness; the river flowed so far below that the murmur of its waters was not heard; there was not a sigh of the evening wind among the leaves—not a sound upon the earth, or in the air; and yet that night there fell a star from heaven!"

It seems scarcely possible that this broad imitation should have been quite unconscious.

We can conceive the anxious reader—often disappointed with translated specimens of foreign poets—nervously asking, how has Mr. Leland succeeded in this case? Mr. Leland's is a labour of love, and the prose part of his translations leaves us little to wish for. We know of no better rendering of any amount of Heine's prose. But as to the poetry which the volume contains, though here again the translation is creditable, we must candidly warn you against resting satisfied with such a taste of Heine's genius as Mr. Leland is able to give. We think that in this most arduous part of his task he has comparatively failed. If you would like to supplement such glimpses of the lyrical Heine as you have here, you can do so by turning to Mr. J. E. Wallis's translation of the "Buch der Lieder," which, without for a moment depreciating Mr. Leland's meritorious labour of love, is, we do think, better done. Translating German poetry is a peculiarly thankless and unremunerative task. What "facility"



are in that the Englishness in the  
the contents in the German and English  
wrestling with it. On the one hand, the sense glides into  
is with great ease; on the other, the inversions of German  
we may well say, as everyone who has tried to translate  
will bear witness. In the course of our extracts, a few  
of the difficulties a translator meets with arise; but we will  
of Mr. Lealand's language specimens of modern Latin. To  
the reader to mind the Moral, the Epigram, the  
Tomson's "Day-Dream," and try and invest Heine's  
same richness, grace, and power of language. A  
we should like to do this, and it is due to Mr. Heine and  
Lealand.

Heine does not do what is generally  
sounding and sounding in English poetry,  
the soft sensations of the  
like the blue and crimson flowers  
of a garden.

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face was but a pale shadow of the  
and many a time, when the  
reminded me of the old days of the  
in the Hotel de Bruchem. I assented  
to this question with certainty and a clear conscience. And as the charming  
traveller, I waved my hand to them many times from the window. The  
land of the Sun, however, laughed in his sleeve, being probably aware that the  
Hotel de Bruchem was a name bestowed by the students of Göttingen upon  
their University prison.

By-the-by, did not a would-be M.P. once address an Edinburgh audience  
as "Men of the Heart of Mid-Lothian?"—i.e., of the jail?

Our space is more than filled. Heine was a kind, thoughtful husband,  
beloved by one Mathilde, who was only an agreeable, military, affectionate  
woman. For all that was truly noble and good he had doubtless  
experienced a heart. His contempt for the "virtue," which is only a compound  
of weakness, cowardice, and imitation—the virtue of the nation—  
tells us that he had seen such men as Byron, Wilson, and others, who  
our poets which look on results to goodness itself; but you always see  
the one drawn deep down in his mind. Take these two characteristics: pas-  
sages.

## PART OF A MAY-DAY PICTURE.

"The oddly-dressed English girls are sitting, groups of six or eight, founding  
themselves with their blue jackets, and their little blue faces, run along as  
lightly as if they had found their own way."

## SICKENING!

"Much can I endure that's aye—some things make me sick and laggard,  
When I see a nervous weakling try to play the general backguard."  
Such things may startle very timid minds, but surely they can harm no  
one; to people who can think and feel independently, they will only do

One small criticism, and we make an end. Mr. Lealand's 500 pages contain  
numerous misprints; and, in some of the comments (which we have often  
corrected in our extracts) is indelicate and excessive. We, however,  
heartily thank him and the English publishers for this very precious book.

## THE REV. DR. CUMMING.

## WHO IS HE?

THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., whose portrait ornaments our pages,  
and who is one of the "hous" of London, is a Scotchman, a minister of  
the Scottish Kirk—not the Free Kirk, but the old Established Kirk, which  
has gone through so many dangers by flood and field, and still stands  
about its emblem of the "Bush in the Flames," with the motto "Nec  
tamen consummatur." Dr. Cumming was a minister of this Church in  
1813, when the great secession took place; but though he is an "Ex-  
communicate," as most of the seceders were, he preferred to stick by the old ship.  
He is a native, we believe, of Aberdeenshire, and was forty-six years old,  
so the authorities say, on the 10th of November. His chapel is in Crown  
Court, Covent Garden.

## HE IS VERY POPULAR.

Dr. Cumming is one of the most popular preachers in London, and has  
been so ever since he first came to the metropolis in 1833; and, moreover,  
his congregation is what is called in religious circles "very respectable";  
indeed it may be considered to be rather more than that, for lords and  
ladies we learn from the dedications of his books, have been found  
among his hearers. One of his works now before us, is dedicated to the

Hon. the Countess of Lucie, who he tells us heard not a few  
of his sermons. Like most of the clergy of London, whether in the Church  
or out of it, he has very few working men or poor to hear him. Indeed,  
there is very little room left for these classes, and they don't come. But  
whether the non-providing of space is a cause or consequence of their  
absence, we have no means of knowing; we only state the fact, without  
attempting to account for it. But as the fact that the poor seem to  
attend no place of worship is a very curious one, we think it would be  
well if the ministers, churchwardens, deacons, and managers of the churches  
and chapels in this great city, would ponder it. Is it that there is no  
room for them? If this be so, it is a state of things not creditable to  
the religious world; that there should be no room for the poor in the  
house of God. Or is it that the preaching is not attractive to the poor?

That is remarkable, seeing that it is written of One that "the common  
people heard Him gladly." Or perhaps the reason is, that they are worked  
so hard during the six days, that they are obliged to make the seventh  
literally a day of rest. However, what-ever may be the cause, the fact  
is patent. You may go from St. James's to Whitechapel, from New Park  
Street to Crown Court, and in few or none of the places of worship will  
you find the poor in any number among the worshippers. We are not  
surprised that they do not go to New Park Street to hear Mr. Spurgeon,  
when we remember that one morning, when we were present, he shouted  
out to some unfortunate defaulters in the gallery, that if they did not pay  
their pew rents, they must evacuate, for they couldn't be allowed to sit  
in comfortable pews unless they contributed to "the cause of God," espe-  
cially when there were hundreds who would gladly pay double the rent.

But to turn to Dr. Cumming. We have said that he is a very popular  
preacher. His chapel in Crown Court, Covent Garden, will hold 1,600  
people, and it is not only always full, but you must go early if you wish to  
get a seat; and in the height of the London season, you will be fortunate  
if you get even room enough to stand. And when the Doctor delivered  
his Apocalyptic Sketches in Exeter Hall, he tells us, in the preface to the  
volume, that through the whole of the six months he had 5,000 hearers  
every Sunday evening.

## WHY?

But it is, at first sight, difficult to account for the popularity. We feel  
but little difficulty in settling why Mr. Spurgeon is popular; but Crown  
Court is a very different place from New Park Street. In the latter all is  
noise, and rant, and excitement; but at Crown Court every part of the  
service is orderly and solemn. The singing is quiet and excellent, and  
the devotional parts of the service are just what devotional exercises ought  
to be—devout, reverent, and awful, in the right sense of the word, viz.,  
full of awe; and we may say that in few places of worship do the minister  
and people appear to be so sincere as they do here. Let us hope that this  
great solemnity is one of the attractions of the place. Still, this would  
hardly be sufficient to draw such crowds of people Sunday after Sunday  
for so many years, nor could it be Dr. Cumming's doctrine or style of preach-  
ing in his ordinary sermons—apart from one peculiarity which we shall  
presently notice—for his doctrines are Calvinistic, and he is not much less  
exclusive and narrow in his creed than Mr. Spurgeon, and he has little or  
no rhetorical action. Nor can he be said to be eloquent, unless eloquence  
consists in a mellifluous flow of words; neither is there anything on  
ordinary occasions specially attractive in his matter; on the contrary,  
he is not at all above the average of evangelical preachers, and everybody  
knows what that is. Imagine a plain-looking man delivering an even flow  
of words, the usual common-place platitudes of evangelical sermons, and you  
have Dr. Cumming before you. He never aims at impassioned oratory,  
like Chalmers; he never utters any of those startling thoughts which oc-  
casionally drop in terse language from the lips of Binney; he is never  
original, like Maurice; and his reasoning is such as is only tolerated from  
the pulpit. He sometimes can be pathetic, often illustrates his position  
by anecdotes, and is fond of quoting poetry; and we are bound to say that  
he has the taste to select his quotations from the best authors. But still  
these redeeming qualities will not account for his popularity; for we are  
persuaded that if there were nothing beyond this, a London audience would  
not have stuck to him so long. The constant reiteration of the same sen-  
timents in the same words, even though occasionally relieved by pretty  
stories and quotations of poetry, soon becomes wearisome, and never fails  
to drive people away, especially in a place like London, in which there are  
so many preachers, and where every man can do what he likes, and go  
where he chooses, without having the fear of his neighbour before his  
eyes, as he would have were he in a country town. Well, then, how is it?

For years Dr. Cumming has been an attractive preacher, drawing  
every Sunday hundreds of hearers; and why?

## HE IS A PROPHET.

Well, we think the secret lies here. We have been speaking hitherto  
of Dr. Cumming's ordinary sermons; but he not unrequently leaves the  
common evangelical trick, and stands before his people not merely as a  
preacher but as a prophet. He would demur to this term, and would call

himself not a prophet, but an expounder of prophecies; and his ex-  
planations are not obviously warranted by the text, we prefer calling him a  
prophet; and this he is certainly to the mass of his hearers, for we are  
convinced that none of his audience would ever have discovered the reason-  
able meanings which he finds in the text, without his assistance. Now, we  
need hardly say to any one who understands anything of human nature,  
that a prophet must always be especially in attractive person. The pro-  
phet is all gone and known—recorded in history, and whoever chooses may read  
it; but the unknown future! the dread unknown! what is to be to-mor-  
row! who would not like to know it? And what wonder that the man  
who says he can tell this should be run after? Why, you cannot put down  
a gipsy fortune-teller; and who does not know that hundreds rush to hear  
the revelations of the clairvoyant, of tables manipulated by the "turners,"  
and of the spirit-rappings? How much more likely is it, then, that  
thousands will hang on the lips of the seer who comes before the people  
with the time honoured Bible in his hands, and sanctions his prophecies  
with, "Thus saith the Lord!" Now, this Dr. Cumming does, not every  
time that he preaches, but frequently—sufficiently so to make his followers  
constantly expect that if they go to hear him they may possibly be favoured  
with some of his prophetic revelations; and his revelations are not vague  
and mystical, like those of the Balaam Oracle, nor relating only to a far  
distant future; but he tells you exactly where we are now in the proph-  
ets, points to events grand and solemn which may be daily expected, what  
thrones are about to be overturned, how kingdoms are to be divided, and  
what cities are to be destroyed, and assures his people that "the final con-  
summation of all things" must be, from infallible signs, close at hand,  
when the earth shall be burnt up, "the saints" be caught up to meet the  
Lord in the air, and then return to a new or regenerated earth, to reign  
with Him, and enjoy His "personal" presence for a thousand years in  
happiness and joy. This, then, we think is sufficient, and more than suf-  
ficient, to account for his popularity. Who would be surprised if the crowd  
should be neglected if a drum-shop were to be opened close by, and  
strong liquors were there given away?

Dr. Cumming's favourite books, whence he gets all his prophecies,  
the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, but especially the latter. This  
extraordinary Book is to most people, and to most learned men, a "wild  
maze," and though there may be "a plan," yet to the vast majority of  
students it is quite undecipherable. But it is not so to Dr. Cumming.  
He sees but few difficulties, and thinks he knows all its meaning as well as  
a cabman knows the streets, lanes, and alleys of London. He can interpret  
the trumpets, and the vials, and the thunders, and the great whore, and Balaam,  
and all the other mystical things in this wonderful Book, as easily as  
Rawlinson can interpret the hieroglyphs on an Asiatic monument. To be  
then, is the secret of the Doctor's popularity. We all know the history of  
Rome, pagan and proud; but to know its future destiny, when it will be  
destroyed, and in what manner! When Louis Napoleon got the throne  
of France is common knowledge, and how he got it; but to know when  
and how he will lose it—what will Frenchmen give to know that?  
And then, first, further consider—in a few more years, by the Gospel ac-  
cording to Cumming, the earth shall be burnt up, and the elect men living  
(probably many that are hearing him) shall not die, but be caught up into  
the air to meet the Lord. Now, of course, most of Dr. Cumming's hearers  
have satisfied themselves that they are "the elect"; and it is surprising  
that they should anxiously cluster round the man who is able to tell them,  
"as one having authority, and not as the scribes," such glorious news as  
this, that if they live a few more years, they shall not die at all, but be  
caught up in the air, see London and all the rest of the busy world in  
flames beneath them, and then return with glorified bodies to reign in  
triumph undisturbed for a thousand years?

## HIS PROPHECIES.

Some of our readers will doubtless think we are exaggerating, and that  
it is impossible that Dr. Cumming can commit himself to such definite  
statements; but those of our readers must be ignorant of the history of the  
prophetic school to which Dr. Cumming belongs. This school has for  
years been notorious for its audacious presumption in explaining these  
mystical Books. Over and over again its members have actually fixed the  
dates—the very "times and seasons," at which the most wonderful things  
were to have come to pass. And over and over again have these times  
come and gone, and nothing occurred to fulfil their vaticinations. But  
unchecked by these failures, they still presumptuously continue to pry into  
the future, and though they have times and oft been convicted as false  
prophets, they are not ashamed to prophesy again; and what is more  
wonderful still, find gaping dupes to swallow down what is so confidently  
uttered. But to prove that we have not misrepresented Dr. Cumming, we  
will give a few extracts from his books, which will at once show the ex-  
citing stuff which he gives to his followers, and the strange, inconclusive—  
we had almost said puerile—reasonings by which he arrives at his tremendous  
results. In his "Apocalyptic Sketches," vol. I., page 475, he writes as  
follows:—"If it be true that the Jews are soon to be restored—*within a few  
years*, if it be true, as I have likewise indicated, that twenty years  
more will introduce some of the least startling phenomena to which I have  
alluded—for it is remarkable that most prophetic interpreters take the  
nearest time of the first resurrection to be A.D. 1844, and the remotest  
time to be A.D. 1885; take the nearest or the remotest: I conclude that be-  
tween those bounding periods, the dead saints, who are in their graves, shall  
hear the peal of the resurrection trumpet, and the living saints that are on  
the earth shall hear it too, and then hearts shall leap for joy; and the dead  
in Christ, and they that are alive in Christ, shall meet the Lord in the air,  
and reign with Him a thousand years."

He asserts that we are now in the era of the seventh vial—at  
least we were in 1847-48. Strange events have happened since then.  
Perhaps he has, like many of his predecessors, been obliged to put back  
his prophetic clock. This vial was poured out upon the air, and therefore  
it is that we have had influenza, cholera, pestilence, and potato-rot—*scarcely  
hurricane*; and as these diseases are in "the air" there is no occasion to  
fear contagion from personal contact. Scientific men need not trouble  
themselves with investigations on that subject. Dr. Cumming speaks with  
authority, "Thus saith the Lord, there is no contagion in cholera by per-  
sonal contact."

The fourth vial was poured out upon the sun, and the sun was to scorch  
the earth. The person symbolised here, according to Dr. Cumming, was  
Napoleon the First; and he finds corroboration of this view in the fact  
that Napoleon used more artillery and musketry than any other com-  
mander that preceded him, wherewith "he scorched the earth." And also  
in another fact, to wit, that Napoleon's soldiers called him "the little sun,"  
a "fact," which needs corroboration, seeing such tremendous matters are  
made to hang thereon.

In his lectures on Daniel, Dr. Cumming intimates that Lord John  
Russell's too famous Durham Letter was a fulfilment of the prophecy of  
"indignation against the little horn." And in one of the Apocalyptic  
Sketches, Mr. Baptist Noel, who is now a great dissenting preacher in  
St. John Street, is brought in as fulfilling a prophecy in leaving the  
Established Church. And the "Westminster Review" tells us the prophecy  
of "the locusts," whose "sting is in their tail," is being fulfilled, accord-  
ing to Dr. Cumming, in the fact that a certain Turkish Commander took  
a horse tail for his standard. And in page 493 "Apocalyptic Sketches,"  
he tells us that sanitary improvements are "a prelude to our Lord's  
advent." We have not much more pace at our command, but we must  
quote the doggerel rhyme which the Learned Doctor sent to the papers  
not long ago—

"In twice two hundred years  
The hour the Crescent shall assail;  
But should the Cock and Bull unite,  
The Bear shall not prevail.  
But twice ten years from hence  
Let Islam mark and fear,  
The Cross shall stand, the Crescent fall,  
Dissolve, and disappear."

These lines were sent to the Doctor by a friend, who, he says, extracted  
them from an old book, and he added them with great gusto as a re-  
markable proof that centuries ago there were students of prophecy who  
held the same opinions on prophecy which he now preaches. That the  
Doctor was hoaxed, we cannot doubt for a moment.

The following, though not bearing upon prophecy, is still too rich to be  
omitted.

"In twice two hundred years  
The hour the Crescent shall assail;  
But should the Cock and Bull unite,  
The Bear shall not prevail.  
But twice ten years from hence  
Let Islam mark and fear,  
The Cross shall stand, the Crescent fall,  
Dissolve, and disappear."

These lines were sent to the Doctor by a friend, who, he says, extracted  
them from an old book, and he added them with great gusto as a re-  
markable proof that centuries ago there were students of prophecy who  
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THE REV. DR. CUMMING—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. COX, OF REGENT STREET)

passed over—for want of space we are obliged to give it without comment—it is to be found in one of his books, but which we do not remember:—“If the Church of Rome insists that we are divided because we differ in discipline, I say, gentlemen, ‘Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.’ Suppose we were to summon here on one side of this hall the ministers of different parishes—the Rev. Mr. Nolan, Mr. Noel, Mr. Brock, Dr. Leifchild, Mr. Binney, the Archbishop of Canterbury, myself, and others whose names are familiar to you—and suppose we summon on the other side my friend Ignatius the Passionist, with his bare feet, and also Dominicans, Augustinians, Franciscans, &c., &c.; and suppose the Apostle Peter were vouchsafed to us to come from his happy rest, and were to hear the one side saying, ‘Peter, we believe your Epistles; we believe the succession of your doctrine, which we hold to be the true succession; and we are your children and followers!’ And hear from the other side, ‘Peter, we are the true succession. You are our great founder. Our church is built upon you. We have inherited a likeness and lineage of your character and principle.’ I am sure Peter would say, ‘Mr. Noel

I know, Mr. Binney I know, Dr. Sumner I know, Dr. Cumming I know—but pray, gentlemen, who are you?’”  
In conclusion, Dr. Cumming is reputed amongst his followers to be a very learned man. That he is a hard working man is more certain, for, in addition to his pulpit labours and lectures, he has found time to publish some three score distinct volumes. It, however, ought to be said that there are many of these merely his sermons taken down from his lips by a short-hand writer, and corrected by the Doctor. Some of these books have singular titles; for instance, one of them is called “The Finger of God;” and when a new volume is announced, we are told that it is to be “uniform with ‘The Finger of God.’” Dr. Cumming has once had the honour of preaching before the Queen at Balmoral, and his sermon on that occasion had an enormous sale. So much for Dr. Cumming. Of his controversies with Dr. Wiseman and his horror of Popery and Papists we have no room to speak. On the whole, Dr. Cumming is certainly a very popular preacher, and, for aught we know, he may be a learned man—but we can hardly consider that he is a wise one.



A SKETCH AT THE EDINBURGH CRIMEAN BANQUET.—(SEE PAGE 306, NO. 60.)

CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.—NO. XVII.  
A FEW CIVIC CURIOSITIES.

At a time when Christmas is approaching; when another and a more worthy citizen of London has been elected to fill the place with which the name of Whittington is associated; when a new Lord Mayor has, with all the usual “pride, pomp, and circumstance,” donned the robes which Sir David Salomons, for the last twelve months, wore with much honour to himself and advantage to the community; when, according to annual custom, the citizens east of Temple bar have been summoned to the streets to push and jostle each other, while witnessing another “Lord Mayor’s Show;” and when the people of the metropolis generally, have crowded to gaze, perhaps for the last time they suppose, on that great civic



CARRIAGE OF JUSTICE, LORD MAYOR’S SHOW, 1855.

pageant which of late has been ridiculed as a piece of barbarism, we have no doubt that our multitudinous readers will feel interested in the accompanying representations of some old relics connected with the history of the City, in days when the Lord Mayor and Corporation had duties to perform as well as privileges to enjoy. We do not, of course, hazard the assertion that these civic relics are quite so interesting as some of our historical monuments—such, for instance, as those at Westminster, like the “stone of destiny” which reminds visitors of our “English Justinian;” or the sword of the Third Edward, which recalls to memory the glories of Cressy, or the saddle of Henry the Fifth, which every intelligent beholder associates with that day when Englishmen proved, on the field of Agincourt (as they will doubtless yet prove on other fields) that they were guilty of no unpardon-



THE CITY PURSE.

able vanity when they boasted of being born for victory and dominion. Still such civic relics as are illustrated in our pages, are antiquities of no slight value in their way, and well worthy the attention of those who have sympathy with the past of the City of London, or an interest in the future of that distinguished municipal body by which the City is represented.

THE CARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.

Every one who has witnessed one of those pompous processions which, practical men say, serve no other purpose than to obstruct the traffic of the leading arteries of the City, or to facilitate the operations of pick-pockets, has a good idea how the state carriage of the Lord Mayor looks. It is decidedly less graceful than gorgeous, and consists of a pair of grotesque marine figures supporting the seat of the driver, with a large escarp-



THE CITY SEAL.

shell as a foot-board. At the hind-standard are two children bearing the city arms; and beneath them is a large pelican. The perch, which is double, terminates in dolphins’ heads; and the four wheels, which are richly carved and gilt, resemble those of ancient triumphal chariots; and the body is hung upon four red leather straps, fastened with large gilt brass buttons, of spirited design, each bearing the city arms. But the fact is, that the chariot of state now in use—and so familiar to the citizens—is quite modern, having been built as late as 1757; while that which our engraving represents was regarded with admiration by the inhabitants of London as early as 1698, when our wretched James the Second was at St. Germain; when the phlegmatic



OUR ARTIST'S EXPERIENCE OF A SCOTCH MIST.



WE LEAVE INVERNESS AT 5 A.M.—AND OH, HOW COLD WE FIND IT



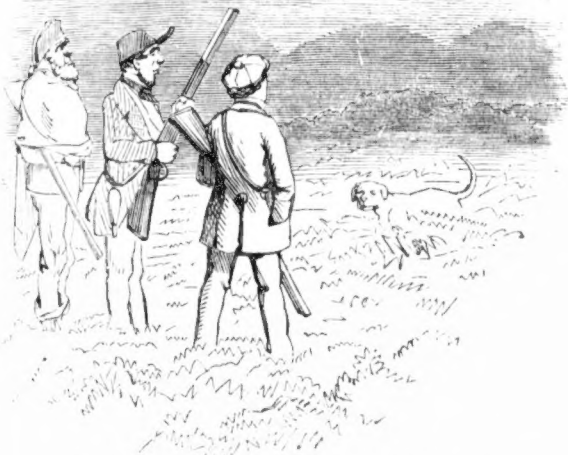
THE SENSATION ON THE ROAD TO THE MOORS IS FAR FROM AGREEABLE.



THE INITIATORY AND NECESSARY DRAM.



WE BREAKFAST IN A SHEPHERD'S SHEALING.



THE FIRST VIEW OF THE MOORS IS NOT PROMISING.



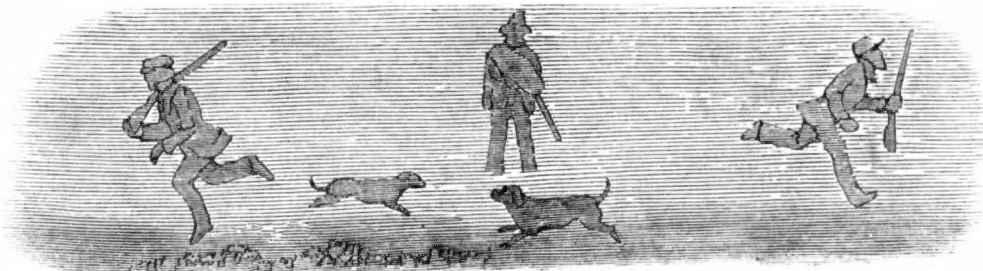
THE DAMP IS SUCH THAT ANOTHER DRAM IS RECOMMENDED—JUST TO STEADY OUR HANDS.



MAGNIFYING EFFECT OF THE MOISTURE.



THE MIST RISES—



BUT IT IMMEDIATELY FALLS AGAIN, AND WE ARE ALL LOST.



I DISCOVER THE POINTER IN THE ACT OF MAKING GAME OF ME.



IN MY DESPAIR, I VAGUELY DETERMINE TO RUN IN THE DIRECTION OF LONDON.



"THE LAST SCENE OF ALL."



Dutchman, who was his son-in-law, occupied the throne of England; when the savage Czar Peter was forming Russia into an empire; and when Charles the Twelfth, a Royal madman, was commencing his eccentric career.

The Charter of Justice in the Lord Mayor's Show of 1698, in honour of Sir Francis Child, of the Goldsmiths' Company, was superbly decorated, and will serve to show the grandeur of pageants in other days. Astrea was seated in the car, holding in her right hand a touchstone, and the balance in her left. The chariot, when used on great occasions, was drawn by two unicorns, on one of which was seated a barbarian, and on the other a European prince. The figures of Concord, Charity, Conduct, Prudence, Temperance, and Courage—almost every virtue which the municipal corporations did not practise—were seated in various parts of the car. Of course Astrea made a complimentary speech to the Lord Mayor during the ceremony. In fact, the City magnates were long fond of that kind of thing. When Henry Stuart, son of James I., a prince and a hero, doomed, for the misfortune of his country, to perish in the morning of life, was on his way from Richmond to be created Prince of Wales, at Westminster, he was met at Chelsea by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, attended by masquers in the likeness of Neptune riding on a dolphin, and of a sea-godess mounted on a whale, who addressed complimentary speeches to the royal boy, whose career was so brief, so interesting, and so instructive.

#### THE CITY PURSE.

This interesting relic, kept as one of the insignia of office by the Chamberlain of the City, consists of a tissue of buff silk and golden threads, and is embroidered on either side with armorial bearings of London, surrounded by antique foliage. The shields have quarters of silver, and the cross is composed of red silk and gold. The bag has a red silk lining, and contains a number of old keys belonging to the common seal and the money-lockers, many of which are really curious.

#### THE CITY SEAL.

When the Second Richard wore the English crown, and aspired to govern, not on the grand popular system adopted by his mighty progenitors, but like the petty despots of continental Europe, a full assembly in the upper chamber of Guildhall (William Walworth—he who struck down Wat Tyler—being then Mayor) unanimously resolved that the seal in use by the Lord Mayor, being very small, old, corrupt, and unbecomely, should, for the honour of the City, be broken, and replaced with one worthy of the corporation. This seal, besides having on it the images of St. Peter and St. Paul, has under their feet a shield of the arms of the City, with two lions for supporters, and a sergeant-at-arms on either side. There are, moreover, two tabernacles, above which appear angels, between whom, and above Peter and Paul, is the Virgin Mary. The seal is now very indistinct from wear.

#### ANSWER TO CHARADE IN LAST NUMBER.

Wordsworth—Wordsworth.

**SUSPICIOUS DEATH OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.**—A Mr. Alfred Brettie, a gentleman of large fortune, died recently in Paris. He was in bad health, owing to intemperate habits, and it appears was injured a great deal by a recent fall from the box of his carriage on a race course. He was taken home and placed under the care of a Dr. McCarthy in whose hands he got better, and Dr. McCarthy did not consider his patient in much danger. However, a Dr. Jones, who it is said had attended him on previous occasions, was sent for by telegraph from London, and it is alleged that Dr. Jones proceeded to treat him without putting himself in communication with Dr. McCarthy, which it is said, according to the medical etiquette usually observed, he ought to have done. Thus Dr. Jones administered to the patient a white powder which he took from his waistcoat pocket, and two hours after taking this powder Mr. Brettie died. Now, the circumstances which are considered to call for explanation on the part of Dr. Jones are, that he at first signed a certificate that the deceased had died from epilepsy, that he subsequently stated that he and Dr. McCarthy were both prepared to certify that concussion of the brain was the cause of death, the fact being that Dr. McCarthy declines to concur in any such certificate, that he has on several occasions admitted that the medicine he administered to Mr. Brettie was a most potent one, and that when pressed to say what it was, his only answer is, "That is my secret." On being interrogated by the commissary of police, and asked to produce a specimen of the powder, he said he had none left, but he finally wrote a prescription for making it up. Mr. Brettie's body has been examined for chemical investigation; meantime, Dr. Jones is under strict surveillance. Mr. Brettie left his property, by will, to an English lady, now in Paris, who was no relation to the deceased.

**BUSH TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.**—Captain Cadell, the pioneer of the Murray Navigation, recently had a narrow escape from perishing in the bush. He started on the 6th of July from M'Kenzie's station, about 120 miles up the Darling, to make a short cut by the Ana branch down to Moorna, where he thought to fall in with the "La Ly Augusta." But after crossing and re-crossing he could not again make out the stream, and never got water until the 11th of July. He and a "black fellow" with him were compelled to kill a valuable horse and drink his blood to save their lives. The distance travelled was above 200 miles, five-sixths of which was through "solid Malice scrub."

**ACCIDENT TO THE DOWAGER-EMPERESS OF RUSSIA.**—According to the Swiss "Eidgenössische Zeitung," the Dowager Empress of Russia had nearly met with a fatal accident as she was passing the Via Main in Graubünden. One of the leaders of the team of six horses was restive, and the carriage in which Her Majesty sat was drawn so close to the precipice that two of the posts on the side of the road were broken down. "The wheels," says the correspondent of the journal, "touched the very edge of the precipice, and if there had been any oscillation the carriage must have gone over."

**DR. LIVINGSTONE.**—Dr. Livingstone will, we hear, probably reach this country in a fortnight. Our Government sent a ship of war to wait off the coast of Africa till he made his appearance from the interior. It waited off the coast for two months, when the Commander, giving up all hope, returned to the Cape for further orders; but the Commodore at once ordered him back, and the ship had scarce reached its cruising ground again when the traveller appeared, and was taken aboard.

**MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.**—On Tuesday, Mr. Francis Bisley, of Bermondsey, was found in Gerrard Lane, Wandsworth, lying insensible, with his throat cut. He was removed to St. George's Hospital, and but faint hopes are entertained of his recovery. No weapon was found near the unfortunate man, and he is at present unable to give any account of the affair. Mr. Bisley is a builder, residing at Jamaica Row, Bermondsey, and is a man of reputed wealth.

**THE ENGLISH FLEET IN THE BLACK SEA.**—According to a French authority, the naval forces of England in the Black Sea were composed, on the 31st ult., as follows:—The Majestic and the Royal Albert; the screw frigates Curacao, 30 guns; Diamond, 28; and the Dauntless, 28; the steam corvettes Malacca, 17 guns; Magician, 16; and Ariel, 14; the tender and steam gun-boats Conflict, Cudew, Desperate, Swallow, each of 8 guns; Beagle, Centaur, Re-cruit, Snake, Sphinx, Stromboli, Viper, Vulture, Wrengul, each of 6 guns; the Arrow, Glacier, Lynx, Medina, and Tartar, each of 4 guns; the Oberon, 3; Harpy, 1; Melampus and Wye, powder vessels. The Crissy and Desperate (corvette) have since arrived. The fleet, it is said, will winter in the Bosphorus.

**EXPECTED FAMINE IN LAPLAND.**—The intelligence which we receive from Lapland is very deplorable. The severe cold which prevailed during the month of August destroyed nearly all the crops, which is an almost irreparable misfortune there, where there are no means of communication. The Laplanders are in great alarm, foreseeing a famine in the winter. The temperature in Lapland presented most extraordinary variations this year, severe cold having prevailed in July and August, whereas September and the beginning of October were as warm as summer.

**SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO SOUTH AMERICA.**—A scientific expedition, including several eminent Americans, is now on its way from the United States to South America, its object being to make a thorough exploration of the delta, flora, and peculiarities of New Granada, the Magdalena, and the country round the head-waters of the Amazon, thence following the course of that river to the Atlantic. This country has not been traversed by any investigator since the exploration of Humboldt, fifty years ago. The undertaking is independent of Government support.

**AFFAIRS AT THE CAPE.**—Recent intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope throws a different colour upon the relations of the British colonists with the savages of the interior. Sir George Grey had struck out a new line of policy. It does not appear that he had proclaimed the old humanitarian doctrine of passive submission by the British, on Christian grounds; nor had he, like Sir Harry Smith, set up his walking stick as an idol to awe the Caffres; nor yet, like General Cathcart, threatened them with military castigation. He had been on a tour, in which he took the chiefs individually, and endeavoured to talk them over. He had not yet, however, fairly grappled with the Prophet; who was still persuading the savages to render themselves desperate by destroying their stock.

**THE HANOVERIAN CHAMBERS** have been dissolved by Royal order. New elections are to take place. The new Chambers are to meet on the 10th of February next.

#### MR. HORRY, THE BARRISTER, AND MR. UNDER-SHERIFF ROSE.

At the Court of Queen's Bench, on Monday, Sir Frederick Thesiger was instructed by Mr. Horry, the barrister, to apply for a criminal indictment against Mr. James Anderson Rose, formerly one of the under-sheriffs of London and Middlesex, for a foul and malicious assault upon Mr. Horry's professional conduct and character. Mr. Horry had been a barrister twenty-one years, and had long been in the habit of attending the Central Criminal Court. Shortly prior to the last September sessions he received, from an attorney named Davies, a brief marked with the ordinary fee of one guinea, for the defence of a prisoner named James Ruddiman, who was charged with felony; he accordingly made himself acquainted with the facts of the case, and prepared himself for defending the prisoner. The sessions commenced on Monday, the 16th of September, and Mr. Horry was there at half-past nine in the morning, and remained uninterruptedly until five in the afternoon. Their Lordships were aware that several courts sat for the trial of prisoners. Mr. Horry was in the Old Court during the greater part of the day; but in course of the afternoon he went into the New Court, where the Recorder was sitting. It was customary to have a list prepared in the morning of the prisoners to be tried during the day; with either the names or the initials of the counsel engaged to defend them. Mr. Horry saw this list, but it did not contain the name of Ruddiman; and he was also shown by a brother barrister a list of true bills found by the Grand Jury, but this likewise made no mention of the prisoner's name. He thereupon returned to the Old Court, and between four and five o'clock in the afternoon he learned that Ruddiman had been tried and convicted. He immediately ran into the New Court, and found that it had adjourned. On leaving the Old Bailey, shortly afterwards, he met the aunt of the prisoner, with his clerk, and other persons. She asked him the reason why he did not appear to defend Ruddiman, and he stated the circumstances which led to his absence, and she requested him to make an application to the Recorder next day, and also to the Secretary of State. He promised to do this, and appointed to meet the woman next morning in the robing room at the Central Criminal Court. He attended next morning, having a guinea wrapped up in a piece of paper, with the intention of returning it to the poor woman, but she never came. On going into the New Court, he ascertained that when Ruddiman was called up on the previous day, he was asked if he had any counsel. He only said his friends had promised to provide counsel; and on being then requested to state if he wished the adjournment of the trial, he expressed no wish upon the subject. Mr. Horry continued to attend the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday, Wednesday, and until the afternoon of Thursday, without hearing anything more of the matter. No person came to him about the fee, which he was ready to return at any moment. On the afternoon of Thursday, a slip of paper was handed to him by the aunt of Ruddiman, expressing a wish to see her nephew in Newgate. Mr. Horry sent it up to Mr. Rose, the under-sheriff, who, on reading it, immediately left the court. Supposing the Under-Sheriff wanted to speak to him, Mr. Horry went into the lobby, where a large number of persons were assembled, and intimated orally what appeared upon the paper, when Mr. Rose, with a violence of manner, and in a loud and vehement tone, said:—"This is a most disgraceful affair—a most infamous transaction." Mr. Horry asked him what he meant, but he only repeated these expressions in the presence of all the bystanders. On again inquiring his meaning, he said, "It is a fraudulent transaction. We have constant complaints of this kind;" and Mr. Horry at length stated, that if he continued to connect his name with fraud when his absence was entirely owing to an accident (as he had repeatedly told him), he would be telling a wilful falsehood, and he would hold him responsible for it. Mr. Horry also declared that he knew nothing of any fraud. He afterwards went into the Fourth Court—the Grand Jury-room, where the Recorder was presiding. The Learned Judge, addressing Mr. Horry, said, "You have a solicitor named Davies. I want to see him. He is not compelled to come; but, if he does not, he must take the consequences." Supposing he alluded to the case of Ruddiman, Mr. Horry said he would explain the whole circumstances when he the Recorder was discharged. Mr. Horry then left the court, and went to the robing-room. Subsequently, he was told that the Recorder's clerk wanted him. He approached the court, and went as near the Recorder's chair as he could, the Under-Sheriff Rose being between him and the Recorder. He found Mr. Davies making some explanations; but suddenly turning round, he exclaimed, "Oh, he is Mr. Horry, he can explain all the circumstances." Whereupon Mr. Horry stepped forward and made a statement. The Recorder then said that it was a mere accident, or something to that effect; that Mr. Horry was not bound to return the fee, but that, as a matter of feeling, he hoped he would. On the next morning, a report, which was extremely inaccurate in many respects, appeared in the "Times," of what had occurred in the Court. Mr. Horry sent a letter to that journal correcting those inaccuracies, and entering into further explanations. It was inserted on Friday, the 19th of September, and on the 24th there was published in the "Times" a letter in reply, bearing the signature of Under-Sheriff Rose. The manuscript was shown to Mr. Horry, and it was found to be in the handwriting of Mr. Rose. In this communication the Under-Sheriff bore testimony to the accuracy of the report; alluded in powerful and affecting terms to the case of Ruddiman's aunt, a poor needlewoman, who begged, borrowed, and pawned, in order to get money to defend her nephew; spoke of the strong disgust of a crowded Court at the refusal of Davies and Horry to respond to the earnest opinion of the Recorder, to return to the poor woman the money for which they had rendered no services; and mentioned that half-a-dozen solicitors, and at least one member of the bar, were associated with agents, who professed to be clerks, but whose only occupation was to frequent the purlieus of police-courts to pick up victims, and to visit public-houses in the neighbourhood to divide the spoil. Mr. Horry stated in his affidavit that these insinuations were intended to apply to him, and were injurious to his character. It appeared that Mr. Horry replied to these statements in a letter which was subsequently published in the "Times."

Lord Campbell said, if this last letter had not been written, he should have been disposed to grant a rule, but they must now leave Mr. Horry for the public tribunal which he had selected. It was too much first to appeal to the public and then to ask this court for redress. The rule must therefore be refused.

Sir F. Thesiger hoped their Lordships would say that their decision did not prejudice Mr. Horry's right to avail himself of other means of redress.

Lord Campbell said he was entirely at liberty to proceed, either by indictment or action, if he thought proper.

Rule refused.

#### LAW AND CRIME.

THE frequenters of the Adelphi Theatre who were not present at Mr. Baron Watson's admission as a sergeant to the Court of Common Pleas, on Friday in last week, lost a capital opportunity of enjoying what, in the bills of the first-named establishment, would be designated a "screaming farce." It seems that by ancient rule a baron of the Exchequer must, previously to taking his seat on the bench of that Court, have been appointed a Sergeant-at-Law, and as such, have pleaded a case in the Common Pleas. On the day named, Mr. Baron Watson, in full costume as a Sergeant, and accompanied by Messrs. Serjeants Channel and Byles, entered the Court of Common Pleas, where the judges were sitting *in banco* (i. e. to hear motions and decide on questions of pure law). He was called upon, according to previous arrangement, for a motion, when he demanded a writ of right of dower on behalf of dame Ann Wynn, out of lands in Yorkshire, held by one John Scott. Mr. Serjeant Channel, retained on the other side, hereupon prayed an adjournment until the ensuing term, which the judges, in order that John Scott might not be taken unawares, at once granted. Mr. Serjeant Watson had still a request to make, namely, that his exertions on behalf of his injured client might be recorded. One of the masters or clerks of the Court was evidently prepared for this demand, for he at once produced and read an engrossment on parchment of the entire proceeding. It is not generally known, perhaps, that dame Ann Wynn is no other person than the original "Mrs. Harris" of popular mythology, who appears to have married well since her first bereavement, although the estates of her husband "in Yorkshire" are not accounted for in the ordnance surveys of that extensive county. This little performance was excellently sustained by the talented company engaged, to whose almost supernatural efforts to restrain their hilarity the highest credit is due. Serjeant Watson was next asked whether he had anything else to move? when he bowed, and moved off altogether. All this was very funny, no doubt; but if a law or custom be so absurd that its elusion be fitting and proper, it ought to be abolished as quickly as possible. It is not an edifying spectacle, however amusing it may be, to see a national temple of law and justice converted into a theatre for the display of a ridiculous sham without other meaning than mere evasion, and the moral is precisely the reverse of that which proceedings in such a place ought to impress.

The Jersey people have a saying that their island is the best residence in the British dominions for those who wish to commit crimes, and the worst for those who desire to run into debt. The peculiar constitution of Jersey laws would surprise many a Briton who fancied he had a tolerable acquaintance with those administered under her Majesty Queen Victoria. There is no law against bigamy or polygamy; petty juries are composed of policemen; the pleadings are conducted in a patois resembling, if not actually, the old Norman French, used for that purpose in England centuries ago; real property cannot be devised by will; no British Acts of Parliament apply to the island unless it be specially named therein; there are no tolls, taxes, or duties; and the old practice of arrest for debt still

subsists, exactly as it did in England before the abolition of imprisonment upon mesne process. Last week an unhappy prisoner, who had been applied by counsel to the Court of Queen's Bench, and who was a *habes corpus*. He had been arrested in that Court, and was now upon a general warrant—a process which in England was long since judged illegal in the days and in the case of the celebrated *Ex parte*. He had upon this arrest remained in prison since October 1st, upwards of eleven years, for a debt of £10 2s. 1d. When released, he was more pitiable was the fact of the poor man's blindness. Lord Campbell pointed out that the affidavits did not show that the arrest was according to Jersey law, and decided that in default of evidence to the effect the application must be refused. It is not likely that any even can be justly taken to the ruling of Lord Campbell, who would not have been willing enough to assist the unhappy sufferer. The rogues of the evil lies in our piecemeal style of legislation, under which the Kingdoms themselves are governed by different laws, and even the same towns, such as Berwick-upon-Tweed, is obliged to be specially named in a statute in order to bring it within the scope of a national enactment.

Every visitor to Julien's Promenade Concerts must have remarked the constant attendance there of an offensive kind of "gent" of a peculiar to the locality, and rarely, if ever, to be met with at any other place of amusement. They form a distinct race by themselves, and by some extraordinary provision of nature, the repulsive features of their countenance are in perfect accordance with the aggressive rudeness of the lowest "snob." These fellows who, on ordinary occasions, shout for the Navy and Army, in order to bait those who may not answer with sufficient enthusiasm, are they who make the opening night by now-established custom a continuous scene of riot and assault, and whose patronage at the present time has succeeded in driving from the promenade those decent women who formerly accompanied by their husbands or brothers, were to avail themselves of the attractions of a cheap and excellent musical entertainment. They are not "swells;" they are not to be met with in "society," for which indeed they evince their contempt by carrying their assinine pranks immediately before the eyes of the fair sex, and the dress circle. Only one theory promulgated respecting their probable probability, namely, that they belong to the highly-connected ranks of the Snob Bends; and that, under the patronage of distinguished and unacknowledged relatives, they hold lucrative employments in the Salary Receivers' Office, in the innermost recesses of which, hidden from the public gaze, they fulfil their blithesome duties connected with the disposal of the Income-tax. This is the opinion of the members of the orchestra, who hold the tribe in bitter contempt, and designate them the "accidental flats." On the morning after Julien's last opening night, a person, ludicrously enough described as a gentleman, was charged with being one of the ringleaders of this discreditable band. He had been heard to yell out during the performance, "A ring, a ring,"—a usual signal for the perpetration of a frolic invented by the Mohawks in 1708. He had then commenced hooting and screaming in such a manner as to terrify many of the audience, rendering imminent the occurrence of a second public catastrophe similar to that at the Surrey Gardens. He attempted to incite others to an assault on the conductor who endeavoured to persuade him to be quiet; and when at length taken into custody, he was frightened, and told a mean falsehood in hope to palliate his offence. The police court, he could only deny the charge, although every person who saw that he was acquainted with two or three whom he named, Mr. Bingham let him off easily enough upon a fine of forty shillings. Mr. Bingham had but known the detestable non-sense of the class, and that this defendant was encouraging habitually inflicted upon the nobly poor, we scarcely think Mr. Charles Mott Wastie, of Great Marlborough Street (for such is the description of the captured rioter), would have been so far from at least a week's hard labour, the terror of which would operate far more beneficially with respect to those the lower classes as "the young men," than the infliction of a pecuniary fine, which, in nine cases out of ten, would only come out of the public purse.

The disbanded members of the Foreign Legion are conducting themselves in a manner to excite serious apprehension. The anticipatory warning of Sir Peter Laurie, uttered some months since, is gradually and terribly becoming fulfilled. Not a day has passed for some time without a case appearing in the newspapers of one of these men stabbing or attempting to stab a peaceable English subject. It would be useless to point out one particular case where all are so nearly of the same character. One of these men, gesticulating violently, and vociferating in a foreign tongue is seen rushing along the street with a long clasp-knife in his hand, menacing and attempting to slaughter, from no conceivable provocation, the ordinary passengers. He is stopped, and at length disarmed, having or not, as the case may happen, slain or desparately wounded some unoffending individual. Mr. D'Eyncourt, in committing one of their offences upon the frightful frequency of similar charges. Mr. Alderman Wire finds to his amazement upon inquiry, that "they are allowed to go out and in" (from their quarters), "and insult and strike people as they like." "I had," he remarks, "another of these men before me last week for stabbing." Never was any body of troops, not absolutely invaders of "occupiers," so completely detested by the people among whom they sojourned. The very costermongers gaze in disgust at their filthy and stolid faces as they pass along. In the omnibuses, on steamboats, in railway-carriages and coffee-rooms, one hears them reprobated as the "sons of the Continent," and hard and bitter reflections are made upon the employment of these miserable wretches as a protection to England, at a time when a single word of invitation from Government would have called forth thousands of intelligent middle-class volunteers who would have been only too happy to serve their country at her need, while scorning the idea that remuneration for which alone the Foreign Legion has been invited to infest our land.

**ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF EARL SOMERS BY HIS VALET.**—The following appears in the "Worcester Herald."—"It was currently reported on Tuesday morning last, in Ledbury and the neighbourhood of Eastnor, that an attempt had been made on the life of Earl Somers by his valet and butler, Valentine de Matre, on the previous evening. De Matre is a native of Switzerland, and has been thirteen or sixteen years in the service of the Noble Earl. Nothing has transpired that can be depended upon as to the cause of the outrage; but it is said that Earl Somers arrived at Eastnor Castle last Monday evening, and from some cause or other, refused to see De Matre after his arrival. The man, however, managed to get access to the Earl's room almost directly, and shot the Earl, when an altercation was overheard, which induced the servants, who were entering up the luggage, to enter the room. De Matre was ejected from the room, and a gamekeeper was ordered to see him off the premises. When leaving, he was violent in his language, and said he would be revenged before he left the neighbourhood. Superintendent Sheaf, of Ledbury, was sent for, and remained at the Castle till the following morning, when, having occasion to go on a journey, another constable took his place and remains there. De Matre is still in the neighbourhood. A medical gentleman was sent for to the Castle on the night when this affair occurred, but for what purpose has not transpired. The valet and butler, De Matre, has been married some years to the daughter of a gamekeeper on the Somers domain."

**MONEY ORDERS BY TELEGRAPH.**—The Electric Telegraph Company have organized a branch of their establishment for the purpose of facilitating the remittance of sums of money. Money deposited with the company may be drawn by telegraphic order, and be paid out to the parties named in the order, in accordance with certain conditions printed on the company's forms. The towns between which these remittances can now be made are—From London to Liverpool, Manchester, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne; from Birmingham, Bristol, Dublin, Edinburgh, Exeter, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sunderland, and York, to London.

**KOSSUTH AT MANCHESTER.**—M. Kossuth has arrived in Manchester, where he was well received. There was an immense meeting at the Free Trade Hall to welcome him. M. Kossuth delivered a lecture, or oration, on the condition of Europe, expressing his belief that a crisis was at hand, which would satisfy the Hungarian and Italian patriots would do well to avail themselves of to rid their nations of their oppressors.

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